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EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

CHAUCER.

THE historical circumstances relative to the lineage and place of birth of 'the great Father of English Poetry,' Geoffrey Chaucer, are wrapped in some obscurity. His biographers have been very absurdly drawn into controversies respecting his origin: whether he was the son of a knight, a vintner, or a tradesman. We think if the poet himself could have expressed an opinion, he would have replied to these controversialists as did Napoleon to the obsequious monarch, who desired to prove him of royal origin: 'I want no ancestry; I am the Rodolph of my race.' As to the place of his birth, it is very probable that London had this honor; for he manifests a deep interest in that city, and hints at having been born there in one of his letters, where, speaking of London, he says:

'The city of London, which to me is so deare and sweete, in which I was forthgrowne; and more kindly love have I to that place, than any other on earth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite for the place of his engender.'

We find him at the University of Cambridge, as early as his fifteenth year; and scarce a twelve-month had passed, from his entrance, before we have evidence of the dawning of that poetic talent which afterward burst upon the world in all its brilliancy, and filled it with his fame.

While at Cambridge, Chaucer appears to have devoted himself to the more elaborate studies of his age; and his knowledge of astronomy, philosophy, and divinity may be traced in his earlier, and many of his later poems.

Like all the young men of his day, who were in the possession of a competency, Chaucer, upon leaving the University, travelled to France, and the Low-Countries, that he might see the world, and enlarge the knowledge he had acquired in the shades of the academy. He spent but a short time abroad, and upon his return home entered himself as a student-at-law in the Temple; and although, afterward, he never

seems to have manifested any predilection for its practice, the knowledge obtained here was of great advantage to him in after-life.

The court, at this period, was considered the fittest arena for a man of politeness and accomplishment; and after leaving the Temple, we soon find our poet in the capacity of King's page, at the brilliant court of the reigning sovereign, Edward III. Although Chaucer must then have been at least thirty years of age, the office to which he was appointed was by no means inconsistent with his years: at this time, it was a highly honorable office, as it gave constant access to the royal presence, and the opportunity of great familiarity with the monarch. Young noblemen of the first rank eagerly sought the position, and looked upon it as the stepping-stone to honor and preferment. Chaucer seems to have been indebted for this post to John of Gaunt, afterward the famous Duke of Lancaster, with whom he was intimate in his youth, and who ever after proved himself a powerful and munificent patron. There is a poem to be found in some of the earlier editions of Chaucer, entitled, 'Chaucer's Dream.' This poem is nothing more than an allegorical history of the loves of this very John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, which clearly manifests, by its revelations, that the poet was very deep in the amorous secrets of this prince. This amour appears to have been managed with the greatest secrecy, until by a long train of intrigues and solicitations, all the obstacles in the way of the match were removed, and, with the help of the king's consent, and the papal dispensation, they were married, about the year 1359, which connection, as it was the first commencement of John of Gaunt's subsequent power, so it was the beginning of our poet's fortunes at court.

Shortly after these nuptials, Chaucer himself married a sister of Catharine Sloynford, the widow of Sir Hugh Sloynford of Lincoln. After her husband's death, this lady became a great favorite of the Duke and Duchess of Gaunt, and resided in the family. Upon the death of his Duchess, the Duke married the Lady Sloynford, who had several children by him. One of these children ascended the English throne, under the title of Henry IV.

It was during the residence of the court at Woodstock, famed for its rural beauty, that Chaucer composed some of his sweetest poems, remarkable for the truthfulness of their descriptions of nature. The spring sun grows warm in his lines: the balmy air blows cool in his descriptions: we smell the fragrance of the hawthorn hedges, and hear the music of the feathered choir, whenever we take a forest-walk with him. The hour of the day is not easier to be discerned by the reflection of the sun in Titian's paintings, than in Chaucer's morning landscapes.

On the return of the court to London, from the secluded retreats afforded by the forest-glades of beautiful Woodstock, we find Chaucer receiving more constant and valuable evidences of the favor of his sovereign. A pension of twenty marks is granted to him out of the treasury, and immediately after, the lucrative and responsible office of Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber is conferred upon him; and, to crown the magnificent generosity of his sovereign, he is honored with

the duty of forming part of an embassy to the then splendid court at Genoa, where he was present at the nuptials of Violante, daughter of Galazzi, Duke of Milan, with the daughter of the English Duke of Clarence. This was a most important period of his life, and left its impress upon many of his poetic productions. Here it was that he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Italian poet Petrarch, and perhaps of Boccaccio, to whose Decameron he was most unquestionably indebted for the model of his far-famed *Canterbury Tales*. In those tales, allusion is made to Petrarch, from whom he asserts that he learned the beautiful and pathetic tale of the patient Griselda :

‘LEARNED at Padua, of a worthy clerke;
FRANCIS PETRARCH, the laureat poet,
Highte thys clerke, whose rhetorique sweete
Eulumined all Italie of poesie.’

It was while travelling in Italy and France, during this embassy, that he applied himself to the study of the Italian and Provençal poetry ; and this enabled him afterward to do much toward softening and rendering more melodious his native tongue. He is accused, by one of the writers of his time, of having introduced ‘a wagon-load of foreign words into the tongue ;’ and it is certain that he was guilty of the accusation, and, by so doing, made our language more musical.

On his return from the embassy to Genoa, he was received with great and deserved favor by his sovereign, and honored with more substantial marks of his favor, for he was shortly after appointed to the highly-lucrative post of Comptroller of the Customs of London. The poet was soon enriched by the profits of this office, and his reputation very much increased by the satisfactory manner in which he performed its duties.

It was in this halcyon season of his life, that Chaucer composed some of those gay and sportive effusions of his muse, so well suited to the humor of the times, and so happily adapted to its romantic spirit. About this period, he composed the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, in honor of John of Gaunt’s courtship of Lady Blanche ; and it is one of the most elegant and humorous of his compositions. ‘*The House of Fame*’ also made its appearance at this time. In the construction of its fable it gives evidence of great ingenuity, and the harmony of its composition is remarkable for the age in which it was produced. Pope afterward unquestionably took it for his model, in that splendid poem, ‘*The Temple of Fame*.’

It was about this time that his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, espoused the cause of the first reformer, Wyckliffe, who, by his teachings, was then creating a great uproar in England.

Wyckliffe was filling the chair of theology at Oxford, when the boldness and force of the new doctrines taught by him in the very halls of the university, startled all Christendom. He was publicly charged with heresy, and cited to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal. The Duke of Lancaster and Earl Percy, as soon as they heard of the citation, encouraged Wyckliffe to confront his enemies with a bold and dauntless spirit ; and as Dr. Vaughan, in his recent monograph upon Wyckliffe, has sketched with a most graphic pen the scene of this council, and the actors, I will insert it :

'ON the morning of the nineteenth of February, in the year 1337, the priests, the dignitaries, and the prelates, who were to constitute the two houses of this clerical parliament, went streaming in, along the narrow passes that led to St. PAUL'S. What's afoot is somewhat noised abroad, and you see the dependents of these great ones, and others of the populace of London crowding into the sacred building. The edifice itself is large — larger than the structure which now lifts its head so high on the same site, and is in the old massive style of Norman architecture. The space open around it is also large, if we bear in mind that it stands in the midst of a city within whose contracted walls ingenuity in the way of package has been tasked to the utmost. Soon after the prelates have taken their seats, a noise is heard at the entrance. It approaches nearer, until, in the midst of much disorder and hubbub, a way is opened through the crowd; and the man, JOHN DE WYCKLIFFE, of whom enough had been heard, but few present had seen, stands in their midst with a presence of his own, which bids fair to be a match for any presence. There you can imagine him, a man rising some where above the middle stature. His right hand is raised in the clutch of his tall, white staff. His clothing consists of a dark, simple robe, belted about the waist, and dropping its folds from the shoulders to the waist, and from the waist to the feet; while above that gray and flowing beard, you may discover a set of features which speak throughout of nobleness, and which a man might do well to travel far, even to look at. Behind him, you see his servant, bearing his books and papers; especially, the Book above all books; ammunition for the battle, if this is to be a field-day. On his one hand is JOHN OF GAUNT, (our poet's patron;) on the other, Lord PERCY, Earl Marshal of England. These were bold men all. But COURTENAY, the presiding Bishop, was a bold man, too. He rose in high displeasure, and was the first to speak; when the following fierce altercation arose:

'BISHOP COURTENAY: 'Earl PERCY! had I known what masteries you would have kept in the Church, I would have stopped you from coming out hither.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'My Lord Bishop, he shall keep such masteries, though you say him nay.'

'LORD PERCY: 'WYCKLIFFE, sit down: for you have many things to answer, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.'

'BISHOP COURTENAY: 'It is most unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary, should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Lord PERCY's motion for WYCKLIFFE is reasonable; and as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down not only the pride of you, but of all the prelacy of England.'

'BISHOP COURTENAY: 'Do your worst, Sir.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Thou bearest thyself so long upon thy parents, which shall not be able to keep thee. They shall have enough to do to help themselves.'

'BISHOP C.: 'My help is not in my parents, nor in any man else: but in God, in whom I trust, and by whose assistance I will speak the truth.'

'JOHN OF GAUNT: 'Rather than bear these words, I will pluck this insolent Bishop by the hair out of the Church.'

Thus abruptly closed this convocation; and, protected by his powerful patrons, Wyckliffe escaped the fate that, twenty years after his death, did its work with fire and faggot upon those who sustained his noble doctrines. His enemies, then, could only wreak their vengeance upon his bones; these they burnt to ashes, and the ashes they gave to the rapid current of the River Swift.

Chaucer, of course, could not desert his patron; and without being, (as has been asserted,) a follower of Wyckliffe, he went heart and hand with John of Gaunt, in shielding the Reformer from the persecutions of the clergy and the monks. His hatred to this last class had been manifested in early life, having been fined at the University 'for kicking and beating a begging pair;' and he always seemed to delight in the opportunity of exposing their rascality and laziness. There is not any evidence that Chaucer ever became a follower of Wyckliffe, by deserting the Church of Rome.

About the year 1377, Edward having died, the young Prince of Wales succeeded his grand-father as Richard Second; and being but eleven years of age, the Duke of Lancaster, (the poet's patron) was intrusted with the chief share of the administration.

The Duke, thus elevated to the very zenith of power, did not forget his favorite. He offered him several posts of honor and emolument. But Chaucer, satisfied with the lucrative post of Comptroller of the Customs of London, did not aspire to any other.

It was not long after Lancaster's elevation, before his power and influence began to fail. He soon became equally suspected by the king and by the people. The conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and other popular leaders, who rose against the imposition of taxes in this reign, had served to bring the doctrines of Wyckliffe (as their resentment was aimed at the clergy) into great disfavor. The enemies of Wyckliffe, charged him and his abettors with being the plotters of this rebellion. It was about this period that Chaucer took the part of Sir John Cumberton, mayor of London, in his endeavors to reform the city government, upon certain advice given by Wyckliffe. The clergy thereupon stirred up a most violent opposition to the election of Cumberton, and excited such a fierce disturbance that a rebellion ensued. The King made use of force, for the purpose of quieting it: several of the ring-leaders were put to death, and Sir John Cumberton imprisoned. Chaucer, being apprehensive about his own safety, fled to France; but returned shortly after to England, and was immediately seized and imprisoned. It was while in prison, that he gave vent to his sorrows in that most excellent treatise called 'The Testament of Love.'

After his release from prison, which happened after a few months' confinement, he appears to have been restored to favor, and his old official position as Comptroller of the Customs of London.

The loss of the Duke of Lancaster, who died about this period, affected our poet deeply; and he retired to Dunnington Castle, a short distance beyond Newberry, where he died after a few years' residence, spent, to use his own words, 'in indulging grave thoughts in the solitude of that sweet retreat.'

He was at this castle when the great revolution happened, that placed Henry of Lancaster on the throne of England; the son of the Duke of Lancaster, (Chaucer's patron,) and now his brother-in-law. The new king seems to have been disposed to shower honors upon the old poet; but he staid the liberal hand of his prince, preferring to devote the few remaining years of life to the settlement of his private affairs.

He died about the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the grand south cross-aisle; being the first of that array of mighty poets whose bones repose with generations of warriors and statesmen beneath the long-drawn aisles of this great national Walhalla.

We may justly affirm of this great poet, that in whatever light he is considered, he seems always to merit and claim our admiration. In his public character, if we consider the time in which he lived, he manifested great firmness of principle, and marked consistency of character; in his private, he won, and richly deserved, the esteem of his contemporaries. If we regard him as an author, he may be well styled 'the Father of English Poetry.' His works abound in rare and unsurpassed beauties of thought and expression. The earliest successors of Chaucer, John the Chaplain, Occleve, and Lydgate, in celebrating the praises, or lamenting the death of 'theire greate maister,' all harp upon one

theme: the eloquence, or 'rhetorike,' as they usually style it, of the departed poet. And this, indeed, is the term which Chaucer himself fixes upon in the 'Clerk's Prologue,' while praising Petrarch. But, if any two poets afford a contrast to each other, and exhibit qualities directly opposite, these two are Chaucer and Petrarch. The latter is the poet of language and of style: the former, the poet of vigorous thought, and of matter.

The term 'rhetorike,' then, although not unaptly applied to Petrarch, will not, in the slightest degree, portray the characteristic excellencies of the first great English poet. Perhaps, indeed, the most striking quality of Chaucer's works, on our first acquaintance with them, will be the beauty and vigor which many of his descriptive passages have attained, notwithstanding the rudeness and imperfection of his metre and language, and even the homeliness of his style and diction. Yet, rude as this language, and unornamented as this style now appears to us, so manifest an improvement was it upon his predecessors, that, from his own day to that of Leland and William Thynne — the one his earliest biographer, the other the first editor of his entire works — this peculiar excellence of Chaucer, trifling as it is in comparison with his real merits as a poet, seems to have occupied the attention of his admirers, to the exclusion of every other. Skelton, in his 'Crown of Laurel,' written in 1489, continues in the same strain with John the Chaplain, Occleve, and Lydgate; and extols both Gower and Chaucer as the garnishers and refiners of the rude English tongue; and Hawes, in his 'Pastime of Pleasure,' speaks of Chaucer much in the same strain. In the dedication of Thynne to Henry the Eighth, the poet is praised, according to the affected pedantry of the day, 'for his excellent learning in all kindes of doctrines and sciences,' 'and for his sharpnesse and quicknesse in conclusion, in a time when either by the disposition and influence of the heavenly bodies, or by the ordinance of God, all good letters were laid asleepe through the world.'

Up to the days of Thynne, there was but one opinion on the subject. Chaucer was 'the floure of rhetorike,' 'the garnisher of English rude.' Webbe first ventures to hint, that 'the manner of his style may seem blunt and coarse to many fine English eares at these days.' In the time of which Webbe speaks, the English tongue, beside the natural polish which it had acquired from the labors of successive writers, was also affectedly interlarded with artificial ornaments, borrowed chiefly from the Spanish and Italian languages. These 'ink-horn terms,' as they were called, form a frequent theme for ridicule in the comedies of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. Similar affectations and innovations were encouraged and extended by the 'Euphuës' of John Lilye: and Spenser, finding the ornate style, which was then becoming popular, abhorrent, from the nature and subject of his romantic poem, adopted at once the language of Chaucer, as

'A WELL of English undefiled.'

It may be safely said of Chaucer, that he far surpassed those of his time, in all the different styles of verse in which he wrote. In his sonnets or love-songs, when but a mere boy, we discern fire and judg-

ment, great elegance of thought, and harmony of expression. Not the least testimony in praise of Chaucer, is that borne by so many distinguished poets, who in after-times so closely imitated him. Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, alludes to, and professedly imitates him; and that his admiration did not diminish with his years, we have substantially proved, by the numerous images and descriptions in 'The Faery Queene,' based upon those of our poet. Many of the allegorical descriptions in Chaucer's '*Romaunt of the Rose*,' remind one forcibly of Spenser's *Faëry Queene*. The image of '*Hypocrisy*' in particular, which so attracted the admiration of Barclay, that in his translation of '*The Shippe of Fools*,' he has inserted it at length, seems to have suggested to Spenser the character of Archimago. The well-known description of trees in the opening of Spenser's great work is taken almost verbatim from that of Chaucer's '*Parliament of Fowles*.' '*Merlin's Mirroure*' seems borrowed from the mirror presented to Cambuscan by the Stranger Knight, in the '*Squier's Tale*;' and the description of the cave of Morpheus in '*The House of Fame*,' or, rather, in the opening line of the *Dutchesse*, evidently formed the ground-work of the celebrated description of Spenser. The original description, from whence Chaucer borrowed his idea, is to be found in Ovid; but the English poet has not followed his favorite Latin author very closely; and Spenser has much enriched his description, by the introduction of the double gates of Sleep, from the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. If Chaucer may be regarded as the master of Spenser in allegorical and picturesque description, it must be confessed that, on the whole, the pupil excels the instructor: although, perhaps, in point of forcible painting and contrast, it would be difficult to produce any passages from the '*Faëry Queen*' equal to the portraits of the rival kings Lycurgus and Emetrius, in the Knight's tale. The simplicity of the diction in these passages, as well as in those describing suicide and madness, is so far from destroying the sublimity of the poetry, that it seems, as with Dante, only to heighten it.

From the days of Shakspeare, the comic powers of Chaucer have been the constant theme of admiration, both with critics and poets. In allegorical description, he may have been excelled by Spenser; in pathos, by Shakspeare; in sublimity, by Milton: but in true comic humor, and more especially in the delineation of professional character, he has few equals, no superiors.

Pope, with the intention of selecting a favorable specimen of his comic power, has modernized *The Merchant's Tale*, and the Prologue of *The Wife of Bath*. Dryden, in his choice of *The Nonnes Priest's Tale*, has fixed upon one of our poet's works, which, while it equally abounds in wit, with the selections of Pope, is less objectionable on the score of indecency.

No age is so variously or so minutely depicted in any author, either in prose or rhyme, as that of Edward the Third and his successor, in the works of Chaucer. In the orations of Thucydides, or Demosthenes, we have the knights of Athens; in the comedies of Aristophanes, their opponents, the churls: in the verses of Menander, the follies and vices of the middle class of the gentry: in Ben Jonson, every possible variety

of the black-guard of his day: but it was reserved for the wonderful pencil of Chaucer to group all these upon the same canvas.

As portraying the habits, and as participating in the sentiments of the middle classes of his day, Chaucer affords a marked contrast to his contemporary, Froissart. Froissart, throughout his whole life, wrote only for the princes. In his poems and romances, he treats of the favorite courtly topic, the all-engrossing subject of love. In his *Chronicles*, as in the *Iliad*, we have but a variety of the knight, and that rather the hero of poetical chivalry than the true historical knight of Chaucer. In his sentiments, he is true to the old heroic and feudal principle expressed by Horace, when speaking of the *Iliad*:

‘De lirant reges plectuntur achevi:’

and he accounts the blood of churls as of no value, when weighed in the scale with the honor of knighthood. In Chaucer, we find depicted the rural dwelling of the Reve, and the lonely cottage ‘of the poure widowe,’ who is described as ‘a maner dey,’ (the lowest class of laborers;) ‘ful sooty was here hal, and eke here bower.’ But Froissart never condescends to smoky rafters; he dwells always in the tapestried halls of princes, and delights to describe their unlimited power, and their costly magnificence.

Chaucer’s greatest work is unquestionably his *Canterbury Tales*; and upon this his fame chiefly rests: the tale of those pilgrims, who, to use the words of Shaw, ‘have traversed four hundred and fifty years, (like the Israelites wandering in the desert,) amid arid periods of neglect and ignorance, sandy flats of formal mannerism, unfertilized by any spring of beauty; and yet their garments have not decayed, neither have their shoes waxed old.’

I have before alluded to these tales, and intimated that Chaucer evidently took for the model of his spirited narrative, the *Decameron* of the Italian poet, Boccacio.

After Chaucer’s return from the embassy to Genoa, the influence of his Italian studies soon manifested itself in his writings. And that influence, after the poet’s death, continued to affect the literature of the fifteenth century, reaching its culminating point during the reign of Elizabeth, and gradually losing its authority during the succeeding century.

Before the age of Elizabeth, all the light of learning which fell upon the world, had come from Italy; and our English literature, like a young and tender plant, insensibly put forth its roots more luxuriantly in the direction whence it felt its invigorating influences; as it grew, it sent its fibres deeper into its own soil, and drew thence, from that time, the nourishment necessary to enable it to assume its full and fair proportions.

The *Decameron* of Boccacio, who was a student of the famous Petrarch, and gifted with much of the genius of his master, was a species of dramatic novel — in the language of all acute critics of the last century, a comedy not intended for the stage.

The action of the *Decameron* is supposed to happen about the year 1348, when a fierce pestilence desolated Florence. We are first intro-

duced to a group of ladies and gentlemen flying from the infected city, and taking refuge in a deserted palace about two miles from its walls. There, in the midst of delightful gardens, murmuring fountains, and all the luxuries that well-stored wine-vaults, groaning larders, and splendidly-furnished apartments could afford, they determined, with true Italian levity, to forget the plague-stricken city, and spend the next ten days in pleasure. They appoint a queen who is mistress of the revels, and on each day, she demands of one of the company a story; and the tales of ten days (hence the title of the poet) constitute his most famous production.

Boccaccio surpasses Chaucer, unquestionably, in the musical harmony of his periods, and the perfect finish of his composition; but he falls far behind him in knowledge of human nature, and the keen anatomy of the human soul, that so distinguishes the English poet, in his *Canterbury Tales*. The Italian poet does not pretend to sketch the different characters who, light of heart, and escaping the hideous scenes of death, had assembled in the deserted palace: while the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* is a portrait-gallery in itself; and in the vigorous and speaking faces that look down upon us from the canvas, all a-glow with the genius of a master's pencil, we can recognize features familiar to us at this day.

The action of the poem, if action it may be called, consists in the contest of the pilgrims for the supper to be given on their return, at the general cost, to the most successful teller of tales. It is projected by the host, that each pilgrim shall tell one tale on the way to Canterbury, and one returning; but the work of Chaucer breaks off before the arrival at Canterbury, and when not the first tale had gone its entire round.

The characters of the pilgrims are strongly painted, for the sake of picturesque contrast. The more worthy characters are raised above the ordinary rank and condition of life: the churls, as the poet himself terms them, are lowered. If time would permit, we should give some illustrations of the descriptive power of the poet, as evinced in this, his greatest work; but we can only refer our reader to the work itself, where, if he possesses the least share of literary taste, he can select for himself, from the rich store-house of the poet.

Chaucer unquestionably stood a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. None can be found who could stand with him upon the high ground he occupied; and, we make bold to say, for more than a century after his death did any arise who could be classed as his equal. He caught the living manners of the age, with an accuracy of conception and a perfection of finish, that none but Shakspeare ever surpassed. His portraits are never over-drawn; but, instinct with life, and true to nature, they live again in every age. In the men and women of your own day, we recognize the prominent features of Chaucer's living portraits.

In some of his smaller effusions, he becomes the inspired dreamer, sailing away upon airy pinions into the golden light of the fairy land of romance.

Then, again, his riotous spirit rings loud in his quaint verse with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter.

And then it changes into a subdued tone, like the low, plaintive sighing of some autumn-breeze, that shakes down upon your path-way the sober-tinted leaves of autumn.

And now it luxuriates in the midst of the tranquillizing sights and sounds of Nature, with whom the poet often holds 'sweet converse;' and the singing of the choral songsters of the grove are in your ears; the rustling of leaves; the plash of the wood-land water-fall:

'SOUND of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass;
Rain-awakened flowers;
All that ever was
Joyous, clear, and fresh.'

There are certain books militant upon the earth; that is, they have to fight for their very existence, and sometimes are lost for ever in the struggle; others, such as the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil—are triumphant; they can never be lost, or incorporated into other creations. A good steam-engine may be superseded by a better; but one lovely valley can never be superseded by another; a statue of Phidias by a statue of Michael Angelo:

'A THING of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

Human works, the productions of the highest order of genius, never can repeat themselves, never become extinct. At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer stand unrivalled; they never have been surpassed for tenderness, picturesqueness, and life. The man—the people he describes—even their very monuments—are dust. But the poet lives; his soul—the soul of the great Chaucer—is in this, his greatest work, and can never die.

L I N E S .

A LINGERING snow-wreath on a distant height,
In yester-eve's short twilight caught my eye,
As musingly I scanned the landscape seen
From my boys' chamber-window; and I thought
How highest things are purest, most enduring,
And least affected by the powers that work
In lower spheres. The rainy flood bears down,
And mingles with the mire, snow once as pure
As that my eye now rests on; but the sheen
That robed the mountain is no longer white;
Nay, it no longer is! 't was soiled, and then,
It vanished utterly. It will be thine,
In God's good providence, to school young minds;
Teach them, though all things else remain untaught,
The pure in heart shall see their God—the ETERNAL!

Bridgewater, March 6, 1854.

R.

THE L O N E L Y G R A V E .

BY PIERRE VIVANT.

Down by the sedgy margin of the river,
Where pendant willows in its waters lave,
Where, with each breeze, the trembling aspens quiver,
And the long grass stoops down to kiss the wave,
There is a lonely grave.

The river, gliding onward to the ocean,
Washes, with peaceful flow, the silvery sands;
And the warm south-wind waves, with gentlest motion,
The flowers transplanted there by loving hands,
At MEMORY'S fond command.

There, underneath the verdant sod reposing,
Lieth the form of her we idolized;
Who, when beneath DEATH'S seal her eyes were closing,
And tears of stricken ones her brow baptized,
Still earthly joys despised.

There, when the early grass and flowers were springing,
We laid her gentle head in lowly rest,
And thither garlands fresh and fragrant bringing,
We strewed them tenderly above her breast—
The flowers she loved the best.

And while our lives are spared, and recollection,
We'll bring these floral offerings to this shrine,
To testify to our unchanged affection
For her who doth in heavenly garments shine
Before the ALL-DIVINE.

This spot to us is holy, though the spirit
Abides no more on earth, but, clothed in white,
Celestial habitations doth inherit,
And walketh, with the angels, fields of light,
Knowing no longer night.

And when our earthly pilgrimage is finished,
To Heaven we'll turn our fondly-longing eyes,
And with affection pure and undiminished,
Renew her loved acquaintance in the skies,
Where true love never dies.

And though we enter through the grave's dim portal,
Though laid, like her before us, in the dust,
Our mortal shall at length put on the immortal,
And soar, unfettered by earth's moth and rust,
To GOD, in whom we trust!

Ann-Arbor, March, 1854.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

A TRIPLET OF LETTERS; WITH A MOTTO FOR EACH.

I. 'Cui cum paupertate bene convenit, dives est; non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit, pauper est.' LUCIAN.

II. 'The truth she loved above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love; but what she saide
Was certain true, and she a perfect maide.' LORD BROOKES.

III. 'WILHE comes next, who with the tyranny
Of subtle rules, distinctions, terms, and notions,
Confounds of real truth the harmony,
Distracts the judgment.' OLD POET: *apud Fid.* TONY.

My uncle SOLOMON, under the circumstances which just now cast their shadow upon the FUDGE family, is depressed. I observe that his white cravat is frequently tied wrong. I observe that his gold-bowed spectacles repose less frequently upon his serene forehead; and far oftener with a discerning look upon the bridge of his nose. Even in conversation, I notice that they maintain their position here as if they interposed a shield between his secret anxieties and the obtrusive eye of the world. There are times when we all like to set a screen between us and the penetrating look of every body: and blessed is the man or the woman who never feels this liking, or the want which creates it.

As I regard my uncle SOLOMON now-a-days, I reflect with philosophic pleasure upon that independence and high-spiritedness which belong to—nothing: and regale myself with the thought that stocks may be high or low; rich men's sons stultifying themselves in Paris, or elsewhere; intrusive QUIDS starting arrogant claims; large women growing larger and more red; yet I, the bachelor TONY, lively, with good digestion, impulsive, easy-tempered, am disturbed by none of these things; but look all the world straight in the face—having no need of spectacles, or of—Absinthe.

PHÆBE and SOLOMON use monosyllables more than ever. SOLOMON feels that PHÆBE spends a great deal of money; PHÆBE feels that SOLOMON does not make an effective use of money.

'What is the use of burying it in coal-mines?' says PHÆBE. And SOLOMON winces; for he thinks of the Dauphin and the Parker vein.

'If you could n't afford it, Mr. FUDGE, why did you ever come into the Avenue?' says PHÆBE.

And SOLOMON thinks, in a desolate way, of the Axminsters, and frescoes, and Louis Quatorze chairs. I do not know but he begins to regret

the sums which have been lavished upon the French tutelage and harp-practice of Miss WILHELMINA. They may perhaps have made her the envy of other men's daughters; but he does not clearly perceive how they have added greatly to the charms of his fire-side, or brought her nearer to him in the way of comforting his old heart.

For it is even true that there are soft places in the hearts of nearly all the world — even in those of brokers — where quiet hopes grow up of a domestic and tender sort, which, if they be not fed, canker, and consume away painfully. Sentiment may be staved off, and laughed at cleverly enough; and stocks and percentages fill up a large measure of a man's desire; but, ten to one, there will lie in him some where, after all, a longing for pleasant fire-side confidences, where what is left of the boy and the son at the bottom of all his oldness, may speak out and rejoice itself.

I do not think that the brocaded WILHELMINA, who had been paragraphed at Saratoga, and who flirted incontinently, in rivalry of all the SPINDLES and PINKERTONS, touched any such place in the old SOLOMON's heart, or made it lighter when his thought fell on his home in the Avenue. There was an outsideness to the whole matter of his home, his wife, his child, and (I may add) his Dauphin stock, which made him sigh for something which had *inside*. It was all compounded of a struggle *to seem*, and of no effort *to be*.

Howbeit, the outside must be kept good, so long as strength lasts, by those who live in that direction; and I may say that it is just now in the city a very favorite direction. Houses are elegantly *crusted*; education runs to piquancies; and to succeed is to *seem* to.

Therefore, my uncle SOLOMON looks about him to see what pretences he can still hang up between his state real and his state fashionable. The BODGERS' windfall is like to prove no windfall at all. The QUID papers are very strong indeed: so strong that even Mr. PLAINET, his lawyer, advises him to make the best compromise he can. He enters, therefore, manfully upon this scheme; discusses the affair with dignity, in company of Mr. QUID and his lawyer; maintains to the eye of both his character as a man of great means, who thinks lightly of small sums; presses the claims of the widow FLEMING with what seems disinterestedness, and which really would be so were he not overborne with the hope of imposing upon his listeners the belief of his own perfect soundness and security.

The upshot of the affair may be seen in this letter of my uncle SOLOMON, addressed to the widow FLEMING, in his capacity as administrator, being the first of the triplet referred to in the title to my chapter:

I

'MY DEAR MADAM: Duty compels me to inform you that the claims of Mr. QUID upon the estate of your deceased kinsman, TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq., of which I have already given you brief advisement, are very strong. He has shown to me, in connection with my legal adviser, papers which appear to establish beyond doubt, the rights of his son, as heir-at-law. Deeply distressing as this event must be to both branches of the BODGERS family, I see no resource. I would advise you, therefore, to limit your expenses accordingly, as the usual annuity which I believe you have been in the habit of receiving through the generosity of Mr. BODGERS, will now be cut off. I trust you will bear the reverse with resolution.

'I have farther to state, that in view of the strong nature of the claims of Mr. QUID,

and in order to avoid the costs of a long suit, which might in the end prove profitless, I have entertained some propositions from Mr. QUID, with the view of effecting a compromise. He proposes to assign to you a life-lease of the old BODGERS homestead; in which event you might judiciously dispose of your present property; to Mrs. FUDGE he proposes to make an assignment of a certain amount of stocks, reckoned equivalent to the above.

'I have written to Squire BIVINS upon the same subject; and as your consent will be necessary to such a settlement, I must beg of you an early reply.

'N. B. As there has been, I understand, some loose mention, in certain quarters, of the existence of a will, it is best to inform you that whatever engagements of the kind stated might be entered into would be conditional, and would not debar the prosecution of any claim, which might be based upon writings, in the nature of a will, subsequently brought to light.'

In contrast with this cool, man-of-business letter, I now offer a second, being addressed by Miss KITTY, our pleasant little cousin, who wears her heart wide open, to Miss JEMIMA FUDGE, our poetic friend, of the BLIMMER experience:

II.

'MY DEAR JEMIMA: I should be very ungrateful for all your kindness if I forgot to write you, as I promised I would, and to tell you all about my country home, which I am *so* glad to welcome again.

'Well, what shall I say? You know how much I love my mother, and how much the old village of Newtown, about which I have talked so often, and very tiresomely, I dare say. The town I find just as it was, but there are people gone whom I used to see, and loved to see. Poor uncle TRUMAN! that he should not march down to the old house to welcome me with his kind kiss seems very, very strange. And the house where he lived is closed and dismal. I have been tempted to step in and train the sweet briars, as I did before; but now I must not; and they say, beside, that it is to pass into strange hands.

'There are others beside who are gone away, since I was last here; some to the city, and some to California—so far off! But why do you care to know this, or any thing, indeed, of our little, quiet place, so unlike as it is to your noisy and splendid streets?

'I do believe I was awake all of my first night here, for the joy of my return; and the second, it was the same thing, because the house and the street were so quiet; and now, dear JEMIMA, it is the thought of your kindness, and that of those about you, which comes to my memory, and keeps me very, very wakeful.

'But I have forgotten, after all, the greatest piece of news, which is, that we are not to be rich, or to have any part of my uncle BODGERS's estate; and my mother has just now told me, in greater grief than I wish she felt, that our little annuity which came to her from my kind old uncle is now to be cut off.

'And who do you think is to inherit my uncle's estate? Prepare for a grand surprise; it is Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID; who, (is it not very queer?) mamma says, is the heir at law; and stranger still, he has offered to us a life-lease of the old BODGERS house! So, I shall perhaps train the rose-briars again.

'I know not what to make of it all. I know only that my poor mother is very sad; says we shall be very poor; I am sorry for that: but thanks to what I have learned with you, I can do something. I have planned it all. In a moment it flashed into my head.

'I will have a little school in a corner of the old BODGERS's mansion; there are plenty of scholars I can find; and I will dress the school-room with flowers, and will be so independent; and if you will come and see us then, I will show you such a rosy-cheeked little company as will make your heart ache; and we will have such nice walks together in the maple-grove; and you and I will cheer mamma, and she shall forget that there has been any change!

'Yet, is it not all very queer? And Mr. QUID, too, who showed me kind attentions (were they not kind?) the last winter! I don't know how I ought to feel in accepting such charity as this. But my mother's wish must be law with me in such a matter.

'I half accuse myself now for having given such answer to our old friend, Mr. BLIMMER, of the everlasting Blimmersville houses, (pray, is the Blimmersville church built yet?)

(Oh! KITTY, KITTY!)

'For he is rich, they say, and might have given a helping hand to us all, had I been Mrs. —! But, trifling apart, have I not done well, JEMIMA, in listening to my own heart, when it said roundly, *no!* instead of listening to any jingle of money? I am *sure* I did.

'Our own old home, if the change is made of which I have told you, must be sold. This I do not like. It will be hard to see it in other hands; it will be hard to give up the walks we have trimmed, and the flowers we have planted so many, many years! And to think beside that we must accept the charity of a stranger, in gaining only the shelter of that kind uncle's roof, who I am sure would have done every thing to cheer us and to sustain us in our own old home!

'He never thought it would be so; I am certain he never did. We women know nothing of law, to be sure; but are not our hearts judges of what is just, as well as man's? And are not ties of kindred, and friendship, and love, stronger than — but shame on me! I have forgotten all my brave thought of the school, where the flowers shall hang each morning, with the dew fresh upon them; and where you, JEMIMA, shall come as my lady patroness: *Pensez-y!*

'Mr. BLIMMER (I tremble in naming him!) has been to Newtown: what can it be for? Certainly not for me. They say — you know what gossips country-people are — that his visit was to a certain Miss BIVINS, daughter of our 'eminent' lawyer; certain it is, that he called twice on her father, the 'Squire:' and, furthermore, he sat in his pew on Sunday, and Miss MEHTABLE wore a very conscious air. Who knows? I fear I must give him up. Ah! lack-a-day!'

Just so the honest heart of girl-hood makes sun-beams for itself, which centre within, and radiate all around. It seeks no morbid food to live upon, whether of romance or of crazed hopes; but trusting in HEAVEN'S goodness, and seeing with chastened eye the beauty of honest endeavor, it finds its own joys in the glow of a willing spirit, and in the gush of an open heart.

And now, to complete my triplet, I lay before my courteous reader, another letter, being of city origin, from the hand of no less diverting a writer than my cousin, Miss WILHELMINA. I do not say that it is absolutely genuine; but I do say that the facts therein set forth are many of them to be relied upon, and that it offers an every way ingenious picture of my pleasant cousin's thought and chit-chat.

She addresses an acquaintance made last Summer at Saratoga:

III.

'LETITIA, *ma Chère LETITIA*: After our sudden parting last summer, so very provoking as it was, I have been pining away in the Avenue. I am well enough, to be sure, and take a drive every day upon Broadway with mamma; and the Count is civil and attentive as usual, and the SPINDLES are as jealous as ever, (which is some comfort,) yet somehow it seems very dull. Papa has a terribly long face; more than all, when I ask him for money. Mamma says he is disturbed about his coal-stocks, and business, and all that. What a horrid thing business is! It made us come away from the Springs just as a good set was forming about mamma; and there's no hope, I fear, of getting it together again. How is it, dear LETITIA, that people will be very kind, and chatty, and attentive at the Springs, and then never come near you in town? I should love to live at Saratoga, that is, provided the Count, and you, and the rest were there, and the set was good.

'Those hateful SPINDLES are just as proud as ever; although I am sure our house is better furnished than theirs; and our box at the opera was in twice as good a position, Never mind, as BROWN says, 'our turn will come.'

'Really, my LETITIA, I do n't know what to tell you about the Count. He is graceful and gentleman-like, and says *such* agreeable things. And in French, you've no idea, he is adorable! What a nice thing to be a Countess: there's not the slightest doubt about the title, for my French teacher has seen it often, he says, in the foreign papers. How it *would* spite the SPINDLES!

'But then papa — there's that horrid business again — says he do n't know about his property, and do n't know yet what his profession is; just as if a Count could have a profession: how absurd!

'I think mamma would like it; and then the *éclat* of it all! Do you ask me if I love him? My LETITIA, my heart knows not what to respond — ah, *mon pauvre cœur!* I ask myself — indeed I do — 'WILHELMINA, dear one, is it the title, the distinction, the grandeur; or is it the man, the heart, the disposition? Could you live with him in a cot by the water's side, with only a vegetable garden, and a pure rill of running water? or is it the thought of a claret coach, like mamma's, with a coronet on the panel that would make the SPINDLES die of envy?'

'I know not what to say; sometimes I think it is one, sometimes I think it is the other. Tell me, dear LETITIA, what *you* think it is?

'Another nice piece of news I have got for you: ADOLPHE QUID, who you remember at the Springs, is to be rich! What do you think of that? There is no doubt of it: papa says so, and he rarely says so of any body. I think the old gentleman would really encourage me to set snares for the *millionaire*. ADOLPHE is very well: but only think of Mrs. QUID! If he was only a Count!

'Yet one might do worse, I must confess: for they say he is of good family: and he visits at the SPINDLES. There's some foreign connection with his name, and he speaks French adorably.

'He was very attentive a winter ago to a pretty little country-cousin of ours, whom we introduced in one or two quiet places; but she, sad thing, is wretchedly poor, and I have just heard is to commence country school-keeping. What reverses in life, oh! dear! Last winter visiting with mamma, and now school-keeping!

'Adieu, ma chère.

'P. S. We have just had a letter from brother WASHINGTON, in Paris, (I so wish you could see him.) He is coming home, and says (although I have n't seen the letter) that a Countess some body is coming home in the ship with him. Mamma is in transports: but papa looks *very* gloomy indeed. *Won't the SPINDLES look sour!*

'Adieu, chérie; porte toi bien.'

A pleasant enough triplet of letters, showing, what I like to show, the inner thought of my pleasant kinsfolk who make up the FUDGE portraitures; and the like of whom may be found in many another family, bearing a different name.

To wit: a proud old man, scheming hard to keep full the coffers that sustain his pride, and who has lived so long in the light of money that all else seems dark.

Next, is an innocent young creature — I will not call her heroine — of country breeding, who looks the world fairly in the face, saying her prayers in humble fashion each night, and doing her duty, with humble zeal, by day; — with all, wearing a heart wide open, and meeting storms with sun-shine.

Last, is a gay daughter of our world-wise metropolis, reared after the newest mode of the newest brown-stone houses, with whom fashion is godliness, and *gaucherie*, sin; and who counts weekly attendance upon the service of Dr. MUDDLETON, who reads his sermons in white, as all of religion that the gospel requires or humanity demands.

I, TONY, am cousin to them all, and therefore know no reason why I should not speak plainly.

T O - M O R R O W .

To-morrow! — 't is an idle sound,
Tell me of no such dreary thing;
A new land, whither I am bound,
After strange wandering.

What care I, if bright blossoms there
Unfold, and sunny be the field;
If laded boughs in summer-air
Their pulpy fruitage yield?

Why deck to-day my pleasant bower,
Upon my own loved mountain-side,
The azure periwinkle flower,
And violet, deep-eyed?

Tell me not of to-morrow: calm
In His great hand I would abide,
Who fills my present hour with balm,
And trust, whate'er betide.

ALFORD.

R O S A : A P L A I N T .

BY THOMAS H HOWARD.

I LOVE all loveliness, but mostly you,
Who are most lovely, ROSA — radiant girl!
And I will string for you, as poets do,
Some thoughts in clusters, like a range of pearl;
Will you sit by me, or must those sweet eyes
Unwatched, watch here the tangles where I lie,
Panting forth plaints, new-born of that surprise
Which leaped thence lately, and now cannot die?

A precious sun-rise streams in floods all golden,
Athwart the depths of my pale sky of blue,
And drowns the day in glories grand and olden:
You are this affluent sun, dear lady! — *you!*
My soul walks out to meet you, all alone,
When dusk-eyed EVE edges the day with fringe;
And these dream-tinted joys, like stars outstrewn,
Surround my soul in sun-set's mellow tinge.

Oh! though unknown to you, call not unreal
These greetings, where my life puts off its rust;
For love is life, and love, in the ideal,
Finds a pure home, and an exalted trust.
May I not love you? I would build above
The clouds my hope — my palace, not of art,
To be enshrined within your world of love —
Feasted for ever on your glowing heart.

May I not love you? Jewels, on the shore
Of womanhood thus garnered, poets prize;
As ocean the great floods, for ever more
My soul would drink the dews of your sweet eyes:
May I not love you? In perpetual rains
My heart pours out its treasures seeking you,
As down soft slopes, through pebbly summer-drains,
The waters seek the ocean, broad and blue.

You are a dream that lies upon me, making
My soul ache with its glory: let me feast
In that soft splendor, radiant as the breaking
Of a new morn unfolding in the east.
Oh! let me wear you as a mantle, decking
Its folds with unmatched spangles from your heart,
As broad skies wear their stars, so grandly flecking
Their glowing depths with love in every part.

You are an echo from the world of stars;
A symphony — rare, rounded into love:
A book of sweetest music without bars,
Breaking unchecked to hungering air above.

I measure out my passion in vain verse;
 It unwinds from my soul as from a reel;
 But ah! how idly, for none may rehearse
 The soul-born love which only I can feel.

Sweet bird! come, build your nest beyond the storm,
 High under eaves that jut from skyey towers;
 The love now pleading for you bright and warm,
 Will glow more warm, more bright in heavenly bowers,
 When centuries shall have piled the past like hours.
 It is not for earth-life AFFECTION builds,
 For hopes earth-bound must perish like earth-flowers:
 The light is heavenly which the rainbow gilds.

New-Orleans, March 4, 1854.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY A. F. PERRY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE causes of this triumph must be sought mainly in the character of PITT himself. It is easy to see what circumstances helped him. The determination of the king to have nothing to do with Fox, was one great feature of the case; but then the king's advice would have ruined every thing had Pitt been willing to follow it. Another circumstance was this. Mr. Fox's East India Bill was hostile to the interests of the East India Company, and the influence of that Company was exerted against the bill and against Mr. Fox. WARREN HASTINGS, afterward the theme of so much controversy, was at that moment wielding the highest power of his great abilities over the affairs of the Company in India, and his comprehensive and enterprising genius found the means of making itself felt in England. He regarded the India Bill in some sort as a blow aimed at himself; and at that period of his life no man had attempted to cross his path without consequences not likely to encourage a second attempt. Mr. Fox was no more successful than others had been. But after all, it required the masterly ability and unrivalled aptness which had attracted attention to Pitt from the time of his first appearance in Parliament to arrange the elements of success and lead the controversy to a triumphant issue. The personal qualities exhibited by him made him the natural centre and focus of political action.

In this election, Wilberforce achieved one of those brilliant successes of which he was sometimes capable. He went to the populous and powerful district of Yorkshire, one of the strong-holds of the coalition, to look after the interests of the administration. He threw himself into the contest with so much activity and eloquence, that the constituency raised the cry, '*Wilberforce and Liberty!*' and sent him back to London and to Pitt, as the representative of Yorkshire, a post of responsibility and influence in which he was continued until old age

obliged him to decline it. In this election, also, HARRY ADDINGTON, Pitt's early play-fellow, the son of his father's family-physician, obtained a seat in the House of Commons — Addington, afterward for so many years the Speaker of the House, so much beloved, who succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister, and whose mild, clear, and wise character is so commonly underrated by critics and historians. Would the limits of this sketch permit, it would be pleasant to notice in succession the appearance in the political firmament of many other stars which afterward shone in the constellation of which Pitt was the centre.

Pitt was now firmly seated in the highest position known to a British subject. A large majority of the members of Parliament had been elected to support him. He was admired both by the king and the people of England, and he had their confidence. The army and the navy, and the revenues of the kingdom he held, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. There was no palace in the realm whose doors would not gladly open to him; nor a maiden so proud and high outside of royalty, that she would have felt it a condescension to accept his hand in marriage. Among that eminently practical people no kind of genius is so highly valued as the genius for affairs; no, not even the genius of Shakspeare.

But he had not looked to wealth or luxury as the reward of his ambition; neither did he rest satisfied with having achieved a position. He found the national debt of England to be over eleven billions of dollars, and the annual deficit in the revenue to exceed fourteen millions of dollars more. The three-per-cent. stocks were selling at fifty-six and fifty-seven per cent. Forty thousand persons were supposed to be engaged in defrauding the revenue by smuggling; not merely evading the law, but creating interests and opinions hostile to law, and setting it at defiance. The affairs of the East India Company were deranged and its credit shaken. Peace had then been established nearly a year without a remedy for these difficulties. Mr. Pitt proposed and carried laws to suppress smuggling and to fill the deficit in the revenue. He supplied temporary relief to the East India Company, and then proposed and carried a law for its permanent regulation, taking advantage of the exigency to bring its affairs more within the control of the government, and to subject the Company to the supervision of the Crown. When we glance at the stupendous magnitude of the affairs of that Company in the East, we shall not fail to see that few laws of Parliament could affect a larger extent of property and population. We shall cease to wonder that the failure of Mr. Fox and Lord North to propose a satisfactory law in reference to that Company was held to be a fair excuse for their dismissal from office; and in connection with the other measures of the session, it will show how very prompt and successful was this young man in grappling with difficulties and mastering subjects which had staggered and defeated some of the best heads in the Empire.

At the next session of Parliament his scheme of Parliamentary reform, and his project for commercial reciprocity between England and Ireland were defeated. These were measures of undoubted importance, in which he felt a great interest. But he brought forward another measure which

met with favor, and which he regarded as an enduring pillar of renown — I mean his celebrated law for paying off the national debt through the instrumentality of a sinking fund.

It has been mentioned that when he unrolled his first ministerial budget, it showed an annual deficit in the revenues of over fourteen millions of dollars. Now, after the lapse of two years, he was ready to announce his ability to meet the annual expenditure, and to set aside nearly five millions of dollars to pay off the national debt. In doing this, he looked forward to its final extinguishment, and proposed his plan for that purpose. The general principle which characterised this plan was embraced in every proposition afterward submitted by Pitt for national loans and for the management of British finances. It ran through his whole administration, the most momentous, in a financial point of view, that England ever saw, or that she probably ever will see. He first found the means of applying this principle in his administrative reforms, his revision of taxes, his enforcement of strict accountability, his destruction of sinecures, his warfare upon patronizing government jobs; in a word, in that high administrative talent which brought order out of confusion, inspired public confidence, hurried up the abundant, productive energies of peace hard upon the foot-steps of war, and out of the yawning abyss of a frightful national debt and a yearly augmenting deficit, suddenly rescued a formidable surplus, and announced the commencement of a new era in English history.

That national debt, reaching far back for its origin, had slowly but surely increased its proportions with the growth of English power, and at every new crisis had taken a new coil about the constitution of the realm. By the fickleness or versatility of public men, it had been allowed to assume a great variety of shapes. As interest-paying stocks or annuities, it had ramified itself through every department of the business or social life of the kingdom. It had become the dowry of maidens, the support of widows, the reliance of sickness and old age, the refuge of heroes, statesmen, and authors retired from service. Princes, nobles, and men of wealth hoarded it as their safe reliance; and it was made welcome at the palace of royalty itself.

He who received in marriage the hand of a daughter of Britain, favored of fortune, received with her some shares of national bankruptcy, and considered it wealth. He who, taking leave of this world, sought to distribute among those he loved the means of comfort, bestowed certificates from the same exhaustless fountain of bankruptcy. Soldiers and sailors, spared from the alternate perils of frigid and of tropical climates, from the perils of shipwreck and of battle encountered for the honor of the empire, hoped ere long to find a comfortable repose sweetened by some shares in the common bankruptcy. British charities were endowed with it. In a word, the British rulers having sunk and devoured the money represented by these stocks and annuities, were still living upon it and treating the evidence of its destruction as actual wealth. It was a monster, therefore, all the more dangerous for its powers of fascination. But it was an unceasing and exhausting drain upon the industry of the country. Sometimes its magnitude would be ingeniously hidden or made to seem less dangerous by ministerial devices

and then would follow new loans. It would reappear, grown to larger proportions, and more frightful than before. It had come to be the dread and the stumbling-block of British statesmen, and was regarded with fear and aversion by the people. It was difficult to manage even in times of profound peace and prosperity. Every fluctuation or panic disturbed the hopes and threatened to render less secure the bread of the most helpless classes. And during a war it threw over the wisest plans a dreadful feeling of uncertainty. It hung over the national finances like a poised avalanche, which a single mis-step or misfortune might precipitate, with pitiless ruin. This was what Pitt proposed to grapple with and to subdue. The ring of his triumphant oratory, heard in the great Parliamentary struggle which established his supremacy, had hardly ceased, and while its distant echoes were yet playing to and fro in the rural districts, he gathered up his energies, great in action as in speech, and came before Parliament with the surprising announcement of a full treasury and abundant revenue, and nearly five millions of dollars to spare, and a plan for the extinguishment of the national debt. In unfolding the features of his plan to the House of Commons he was conscious of public sympathy and public approbation. With what fulness of strength did he seem to reach forth to posterity! How his imagination arrayed before him a long line of coming ages, catching up the sound of his voice, and with grateful acclamations echoing his name from generation to generation! The scene became more vivid and real. He was no longer addressing the House of Commons. Uncounted generations stood before him. Historians were arrayed with unsullied sheets, and pen in hand, to inscribe his name in a more favored chapter. Even the venerated countenance of old Chatham beamed on him from the past. 'I am,' said he, 'proud to flatter myself that my name may be inscribed on that firm column now about to be raised to national faith and national prosperity.' From the dreary landscape of national discredit and national disaster, a column was about to rise. It was to be a monumental column to national faith and national prosperity. A firm column, lifting its head serenely toward the clear sky of British honor, around whose solid base might rage harmless the storms of politics and of wars, and on that column successions of passing generations should look up and behold the name of William Pitt, the son of Chatham!

But how little can men choose their destiny! The stoutest will and the largest capacity are but single forces at play among the moral and physical powers of the universe. When these are not propitious, genius is overthrown, and the highest eloquence but an unavailing cry. It was another column on which the name of Pitt was to be inscribed, equally monumental, equally firm and indestructible, but a column of debt, vast, overshadowing; compared with which the former debt was only a mole-hill to a mountain. So that ever since that day, the national debt and the name of Pitt are mutually suggestive of each other. The national debt is a cheap reference with which to load down the name of that great man with opprobrium. It is a topic, therefore, upon which explanations should be made clear. The character of Pitt will be studied in vain until this shall be fairly comprehended. The weak-

ness of his character, the assailable points of his career, will not be found in his connection with the national debt. The fogs and mists of shallow and malevolent criticism on this part of his public character will disappear. It will be found that he never lost sight of the 'firm column of national faith and national prosperity;' that in England's darkest hour, and at the lowest ebb of her finances, he never for a moment faltered in his proud determination to exterminate the national debt; and that, while driven by adverse fate and rolling up liabilities larger than had been dreamed of as possible in the imaginations of Englishmen, he was carefully and resolutely planting by the side of every loan a seminal principle of extinguishment; so that but for the want of nerve and of character on the part of his successors to carry out his principles, the national debt of England to-day would exist only in history. It will be found that had his successors adhered to his system, the whole national debt of England, enormous as that debt is, almost beyond the reach of computation, would have been wiped out in 1843. It will be found that Pitt has been robbed of his just praise. Want of courage and of character on the part of succeeding statesmen, helped on by cheap scribbling and political cant, have thrown over the memory of Pitt a cloud. Time, the avenger, will set all things right. The great moral chancery of public opinion will yet consider that to be done which ought to have been done. The column not erected will nevertheless be seen. Its well-contrived and lofty proportions will yet overshadow the mass of political ephemera which unsettled its foundations and expected to bury it; and on its imperishable height will be graven the yet more lofty and imperishable name of the great statesman.

He expected an annual surplus of one million of pounds, or about five millions of dollars. This was not to be applied to immediately diminish the debt, but to buy that amount of the stocks created by the debt. Keep them alive, bearing interest, which interest should also purchase stocks bearing interest until the entire debt should be purchased. Thus, if you owe one thousand dollars bearing interest, while you regularly pay that interest, your debt cannot grow larger. If in addition to keeping down the interest on the debt you owe, you can contrive to set aside one hundred dollars, so that it will bring you interest, and every year add this interest to the principal, it will accumulate; and your hundred dollars will in the course of time overtake and pay off the thousand. This is the principle of the Sinking-Fund.

But if what you owe, bears the same rate of interest with that which you lend, why not pay off the hundred dollars and reduce your debt? An amount of money loaned at a given rate of interest can never do more than pay off the same amount borrowed at the same rate of interest. Thus, if you owe a thousand dollars on which you pay six per cent. interest, and have a thousand dollars which you lend at the same rate, you are as to those two sums worth precisely nothing, and will remain so. They will make an even race, and all you gain by lending your money at the same rate of interest you are paying for it, is the trouble of taking care of both sums. This again is the principle of the Sinking-Fund. The million pounds per annum which Pitt proposed to

set aside for the purchase of government stocks, could possibly do no more than pay a million pounds on the debt, and might mathematically as well have been applied to pay the debt at once, as to be set aside to bear interest and run a race with a million pounds of debt bearing the same interest. Seeing this to be mathematically true, critics and wits have diverted themselves and made merry not a little over Pitt's Sinking Fund. Historians and political economists have enlarged their mathematical phylacteries to prove that which cannot be doubted, and having done it, pass on with conscious and dignified triumph not unmixed with severity. English economists treat of the National Debt, like theologians explaining The Attributes, always dwell on the subject with a certain unction and solemnity, and when they fortunately find a point upon which arithmetic can be brought to bear, they are impressive. Tried by arithmetic, Pitt's Sinking-Fund was worth very precisely nothing.

But to those who study the character of Pitt, it will appear quite a supposable case, that he understood the subject as well as those who have since diverted themselves with it, and shown up its supposed fallacy with luxurious abundance of figures. The merit of a sinking-fund is doubtless to be found in the fact that politics is not one of the exact sciences. The subject of taxation is one of proverbial delicacy; and all government not absolutely despotic depends upon feeling and opinion. In the management of large financial operations, fluctuation and uncertainty are prodigious evils; and where every thing depends upon the opinions of a multitude, fluctuation and uncertainty are to some extent unavoidable. It is, therefore, of undoubted importance, where a heavy debt is owing, to obtain the solemn and deliberate sanction of the nation owing the debt to a grand scheme of liquidation; so that no new law or new votes shall be required until the object sought be consummated; that a political machine shall be erected with self-propelling power, and so set in motion that no new impulse shall be required until its work shall be done. That the attention of the nation shall be invoked to breathe into it once for all the necessary vitality; that they shall be called upon once for all to command it to move onward, and to pledge themselves once for all not to obstruct or retard its majestic revolutions until its final triumph shall be accomplished; that it shall be a thing agreed upon, fixed, established; to go right on, ever on, without variation or shadow of turning; a spectacle for debtor and creditor, and for the whole world; neither to be denied, cloaked, or doubted; like the great orb of day, not affected by storms or shaken by winds, but fulfilling ever its orbit, leading the seasons and overwhelming all darkness, all gloom, all despair, with a flood of glorious deliverance. It requires less labor and pertinacity to carry out such a plan and retain public approbation for it, than to accomplish the same result by a frequent recurrence to discussions and votes. Once established, it no longer depends upon the nerves of the minister; upon whether his party is in a condition more or less critical; upon whether the business interests of the country are in a condition to render the exaction of taxes more or less popular. Its stability enhances public credit and allays disquiet. The people bear up with cheerfulness under that sort of inconvenience which has been

adjudged expedient after sober deliberation, and which tends to extinguish their burdens. A sinking-fund supplies this want. Rapid as is the accumulation of compound interest, there is nothing magical or mysterious about it. The merit of the sinking-fund consists alone in its fixedness and certainty. It coins no money, creates no new resources, but it gives to national finances the clearness and weight of solid character. The interest is paid on the outstanding stocks, so that the debt grows no larger. It is also paid on the stocks which have been purchased, and belong to the sinking fund, so that by the use of that interest the fund rapidly accumulates. In this way, the outstanding stocks rapidly pass over to the accumulating fund, until at length all the stocks are bought in, and the whole mass is obliterated at a single stroke. It was in this point of view, doubtless, that Pitt expected to find the advantages of his sinking-fund. And Mr. Fox, although opposing at first the separate features of the plan, announced his strong approbation of the general idea of a sinking-fund, and finally allowed his opposition to subside into a tacit approbation of the bill. Notwithstanding all the animadversions expended upon Mr. Pitt's sinking-fund, and upon the idea generally, it has by no means gone out of fashion, but has been used in many modern states having debts to manage. The people of England were chilled and discouraged by unpropitious winds always blowing upon them from that great and growing iceberg of debt. It was thus that the young statesman sealed the triumph which they had bestowed upon him. In his youthful zeal, strongly girded up by their confidence, and beautifully encircled by their affections, he showed them how to command that there should be light, and there was light. He launched upon their financial firmament a star, which going on its ceaseless round, they saw for ever circling the great ice-mountain, melting its huge proportions almost imperceptibly at first, but constantly increasing in radiance, and destined, as sure as the sun in heaven, to melt the whole appalling mass away from their sight. Pitt's sinking-fund gave to the British finances what Pitt himself gave to British statesmanship, and what British statesmanship has given for centuries to constitutional liberty: that is, character.

The general idea of a sinking-fund was by no means new or original with Pitt, but the particular scheme proposed was as an example of its application so conspicuous that it bore his name; and the more because in all the vast amounts subsequently by him borrowed during the wars of the French revolution, he provided for the application of the same principle. It is not yet time to notice the part he bore in those wars; but now, while discussing his sinking-fund, it will be convenient and perspicuous to advance all that need be said in regard to this great feature of his administration. He commenced the sinking-fund when he had more revenue than was needed for the expenses of government, and by applying the surplus to that fund. In subsequent years, when there was no surplus; when, to carry on the vast operations of a general European war by sea and land, a frequent recurrence to loans became necessary; when, the British people were loaded with debts and taxes, till even British constancy wavered and paled at the dreadful exhaustion, he, the most English of Englishmen, wavered not at all, nor

abated one jot of his early abhorrence of a debt to which no end could be seen, and for which no payment could be provided. No financial urgency was so great, no peril so imminent, no clamor of opposition so loud, but that with unflinching and heroic constancy of purpose, he would wring from every loan the one hundredth part of its proceeds to set aside as a sinking-fund. So that when each debt was created, the means were provided for its payment, and the day could be foretold with mathematical certainty when it would be paid; no new tax being levied or new provision being made for its extinction. It is now more than ten years since, by the pursuit of Pitt's policy, England would have been free from debt. Had she but the constancy of poor Bunyan's Pilgrim, she would, ten years ago, have reached the point where, like him, she would have dropped her heavy and sorrowful burden, and, like him, she might have given 'three leaps for joy, and went on singing.' But Pitt's system was not pursued, and England is loaded and groaning under a colossal debt. When modern British politicians descant upon the enormousness of the debt, and deplore the management by which it was accumulated, one might almost expect the ashes of Pitt to become reanimate, and to hear that clear, melodious voice, once the charm and the pride of British hearts, making the funereal arches of Westminster Abbey resound with indignant remonstrance. One might almost expect to see his erect figure and haughty countenance gliding among the monuments erected to his successors, and demanding to know why they had faltered; telling them of British constancy in the field and upon the ocean, and reproaching them that in the cabinet alone there had been a want of firmness, which rendered that epoch, the most splendid for British eloquence and British valor, a period of misfortune; which planted beside those proud standards, radiant with the glory of great successes, the seeds of an everlasting regret. Then turning to the living with a look of pride so high as to seem to exact rather than to render an apology, we might expect him to demand, whether large as that debt is, they would consent to have it wiped out on condition of wiping out with it the glory of Duncan, of Jarvis, of Nelson, and of Wellington, and of exchanging situations with the people of France. Whether they would prefer England free from debt, and timidly holding her place as a third or fourth-rate power as she might have been, to England burdened as she now is, but vexing all the seas with prosperous commerce, her metropolis the centre of wealth and civilization, her military posts encircling the globe, and the glory of her achievements rendering the name of Englishman one of the proudest appellations on earth! To such an appeal Englishmen would answer now as they did answer when Pitt was alive.

While Pitt was advancing, step after step, in that comprehensive and memorable struggle to reestablish the prosperity and the power of England, a side-scene was enacted which attracted all eyes. He was not the principal actor in that scene, but its results hinged upon his influence as upon a pivot. The reader will, of course, understand that the great judicial pageant of the trial of Warren Hastings is now referred to. It ran through a period of about nine years, and occupied the attention of personages involved in it, as well prosecutors as defendants, during most

of the period between Pitt's accession to power, and the commencement of the wars of the French revolution. The course pursued by Pitt on that trial is to some of his admirers one of the least satisfactory parts of his public life.

Hastings had been very long in India, and, at a very critical period, was charged with the duty of preserving the British possessions there, and of making those possessions productive to the Company. By the loss of her American colonies, and by adverse fortune elsewhere, England had lost her *prestige*. Her East Indian possessions were remote and so situated as to invite aggression. The loss of these would have completed her humiliation, and lowered her to a second-rate power. The success of Hastings' administration in India was scarcely less important, at that critical juncture, to the prospects of England, than the success of the administration at home. Yet he was armed only with limited authority and held in check by a perplexing division of power with other officers. He was not, however, a man to be balked by trifles. He found few laws, and he observed few. Without the authority of a dictator, he found a necessity for dictatorial powers. He therefore circumvented his colleagues and exerted those powers. He saved India, and he sent home to his employers the rupees. It is difficult to say that some of his acts were not atrocious; they were at least eminently condign and tragic. His career so abounded in situations of romance and of peril; in narrow escapes and in the triumphs of genius; his domestic ties were arranged under circumstances so very odd, and preserved with so much tenderness and fidelity; he was so feared and hated by enemies; so loved and trusted by friends, that before his return to England he occupied a large share of public attention. Pitt himself was hardly more talked about. His abdication of power in India, and his arrival in England, were notable events, preceded and followed by a clamor of false, exaggerated, and conflicting rumors. In the estimation of different persons, and seen from different points of view, he was the saviour of India; he was a monster who had disgraced humanity by his frauds and his cruelties; he was a statesman true to his trust, who had manfully surmounted every crisis and every danger; a gentleman of unostentatious and pleasant private habits, free from avarice, who deserved honors and repose; he was a mercenary wretch, loaded with revolting crimes whom British honor and British justice were concerned to punish. As a matter of fact, it is known that his private character was amiable and interesting; that his worst public acts were performed with no view to enhance his personal fortunes; that with more power than others, and more ability, where others amassed magnificent fortunes he was content with a moderate competency; that his chief desire was to be loved and honored; and for the rest, that much must be allowed for the difficulties of his situation. His conduct had been several times the subject of Parliamentary animadversion, and his arrival was the signal for his enemies to renew their attacks.

The exuberant and classic imagination of Burke saw in Hastings another Verres, and in himself another Cicero. He brought forward a formidable array of charges in the House of Commons, and moved his impeachment. Henry Addington, then in the House of Commons, wrote

to his brother : ' The evidence, as far as it has gone, has rather tended to refute the charges it was called to support. I am convinced Hastings is not blameless, but I think I see enough to satisfy me that if there is a bald place on his head, we ought to cover it with laurels.' But Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke, and Lord North, and all their adherents thought otherwise. They pushed their charges with merciless vigor, not only in Parliament, but through all the channels of public influence. They backed them with laborious expositions, with Parliamentary tact and with high eloquence. The friends of Hastings soon discovered that he was in danger. But they supposed, however, that Hastings would be defended by ministerial influence. They knew that the king looked upon the prosecution with abhorrence, and that he made no secret of his regard for the services of Hastings. They saw the forces of the old coalition arrayed against him, and flattered themselves that Pitt was sure to defend him. They did not remember that Pitt was more powerful than the king, and that he won and preserved his power by his regard for justice and his independence. Pitt kept his own counsel, and took his ground only when the occasion demanded. The first charge related to the Rohilla War. Pitt defended Hastings, and he was acquitted. This was supposed to indicate that he would defend him throughout. The ministerial forces in Parliament supposed it would be their agreeable duty to vote straight ahead with a simple negative to the charges. The next charge related to the fine exacted of Cheyt Sing. Pitt's speech was lucid and masterly, and for the most part a satisfactory and triumphant defence of the right of Hastings to levy a fine ; but at that point he left the defence and announced his purpose to sustain the charge on the ground that the fine was exorbitant. Some fifty ministerial voters, who came there expecting to vote for Hastings, found they were mistaken ; for that when, as they had supposed, he was believed to be innocent, they, in fact, believed him to be guilty. It was a striking illustration of the personal influence of Pitt, and of the ties that bound his supporters to him. Fifty of them, seeing that he intended to vote for the charge, suddenly took their places among the opponents of Hastings. This settled the question. Hastings was to be impeached. Other charges followed, and he was arraigned before the British peers, amidst a blaze of British beauty and British eloquence ; and then followed a succession of scenes and pageants, and a tide of splendid oratory beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame. This was the period in Burke's life when he experienced its highest flood-tide. For nine long years was Hastings held on trial, to be at length acquitted of every charge, but utterly ruined by the expense of the proceeding.

Few readers of the present day will sympathize with the course pursued by Pitt. But the charges sometimes made of inconsistency, and of low personal motives, are utterly groundless. Macaulay, whose authority one is not apt to question, in his popular sketch of the life and character of Hastings, intimates that Pitt suddenly changed his intentions, after an interview with Dundas, and that it was done to ruin the prospects of Hastings and prevent his becoming a rival. This charge is unfair and unfounded. The truth is, that Pitt's course was consistent. The very book which Macaulay was professing to review, when he

wrote that sketch, would have shown him that Hastings had resigned his station in India, and come home in consequence of the disapprobation of his administration expressed by Pitt in Parliament. He did not look upon Pitt as a friend, and knew before his return that Pitt had several times indicated a morbid disinclination to shield him from the consequences of his questionable acts. Dundas, also, the most intimate friend of Pitt, and his ablest supporter in the House of Commons, had long before Hastings' return, been chairman of a Committee to investigate his conduct, and had reported upon it in terms of indignant severity. Hastings himself called upon Pitt after his return, and left him under an unpleasant conviction that he could not look to him for help. The friends of Hastings expected Pitt to act from political motives to please the king, and to disoblige the old coalition. He acted inconsistently with their expectations, but not inconsistently with himself or with his professions. He stated, and no doubt truly, that he would be glad to be excused from acting in the matter at all, but his position did not admit of it. Hastings' friends expected him to act from political and personal considerations in Hastings' favor. They now charge him with acting from similar considerations on the other side. It would have been impossible to avoid such imputations on one side or the other. There is no reason to doubt that he intended to act impartially and from his convictions. It is doubtful whether he did not indeed act right. It required a very broad mantle of charity to cover and excuse some portions of the career of Hastings; but the peers thought, and modern readers will be apt to think, that his merits so far overbalanced his faults, and his faults were so much the result of pressure and exigency, that Englishmen at least should have held him excused. The error of Pitt, if error he committed, was in attempting to be impartial. The whole prosecution was so mixed up with political party feelings; the crimes complained of were of a character so interwoven with political necessity, that one is inclined to wish that party power might have been rallied to the rescue. There are times and occasions when impartiality is neither tolerable to gods or men; when it is unnatural and detestable, and when its effects are equivalent to the grossest injustice. Yet impartiality is the besetting folly of just men, and sometimes tempts them to adjust the balance between right and wrong so very nicely as to outrage and shock every ordinary feeling of propriety.

The trial of Hastings has been thus referred to, partly because it was a prominent event in the history of Pitt's career, and partly because it is one of the points where his enemies suppose that his character is most easily assailable. The guilt or innocence of Hastings can have no bearing upon the opinion to be formed of Pitt. There is absolutely no evidence tending to show that he acted from corrupt or dishonorable motives. There was no course he could have pursued to avoid imputations. Had he pursued the opposite course, he would have been charged with justifying great crimes in order to please the king, to attach to his interests a powerful criminal, and to crush the prosecutors because they were political opponents. He met the occasion that was forced upon him. Some of his arguments in the course of the trial excited wonder and astonishment at the clearness of his investigations and the grasp

and tenacity of his memory. Among all the cares of administration, he found time to investigate the testimony for himself; and he pursued his course independently, sometimes refuting charges, sometimes silent, sometimes launching his highest powers of persuasion to secure condemnation where he thought condemnation was deserved. One noticeable effort of this great prosecution was to enlist the chief adversaries of Pitt in a perplexing and responsible business aside from ordinary political topics, and to leave Pitt comparatively free for the duties of administration. They were eager for the impeachment, and conscious of triumph when they got their charges cleverly before the peers. But years wore on, and the prosecution became a stale thing. They were like the man who won the elephant; they would be very much obliged to any one who would tell them what to do with it. Their impeachment finally died an ignoble death, and its authors were obliged to retire from their high-sounding charges, under the chagrin of anti-climax.

T O M A R Y .

I.

'THINE eyes are blue, heaven's loveliest hue
 Itself in them transcending;
 The red and white on thy cheeks unite,
 Their varied beauty blending;
 Thy dark-brown hair, on thy neck so fair,
 In careless grace reposes;
 And thy teeth of snow through their portals show,
 Like lilies imprisoned by roses.

II.

But oh! whene'er thy voice I hear,
 So full of tender feeling,
 Each gentle tone sweet Music's own,
 The depths of love revealing;
 How can I list, and yet resist
 The charms that round thee hover?
 Then hear my vow: believe me now
 Thy fond, adoring lover!

III.

Let poets raise their incense-lays
 To Beauty's fragile bower;
 Far more than grace in form or face,
 Is that which is thy dower:
 Thy spirit, bright with heavenly light,
 Which beams so kindly on me;
 Thy mind's pure charm, thy heart so warm —
 These are the spells that won me.

O L D S O N G S .

'Old songs—the precious music of the heart.'

I.

SING not, sing not an idle strain
That pleaseth modern ear again;
But trill some quaint, neglected rhyme
That telleth of the olden time,
Ere the blind god used gilded darts
In winning way to female hearts;
When Truth and Honor gained the meed
From woman for heroic deed;
When Merit, and not Golden Store,
Made titled Pomp unbar the door;
And, seated in the hall of kings,
A ruling minstrel* took the strings,
Wearing a torque of glittering gold —
Sing me a song of old!

II.

The melodies of yore recall
Monastic dome and bannered hall;
The Curfew, signal to our sires,
Ere resting, to rake up their fires;
The May-pole, garlanded with flowers;
Old Christmas, with his merry hours,
When rang the roof with festal shout,
Drowning the voice of storms without;
The Morris-dance and castanet;
Games where the prince and peasant met,
Contending stoutly for the prize,
Cheered by the sheen of love-lit eyes
Brave deeds delighting to behold —
Sing me a song of old!

III.

The dulcet flow of modern lays
Accords with these degenerate days;
But ballads of a by-gone age,
Though mildew maketh dim the page,
Arouse me like a clarion blast,
Instinct with memories of the past:
I see, in glittering steel arrayed,
The champions of the high crusade;
Plumed warriors rushing to the fight
With lance in rest, and corslet bright,
And, in wild pauses of the strain,
Hear wailing for the knightly slain
Wrapped, for a shroud, in banner-fold —
Sing me a song of old!

W. H. C. HOSMER.

* Among Celtic nations, the Fear-Dana, or ruling-bard, sat at the king's right hand, wearing a golden torque.

MY CAMPAIGN-REMINISCENCES.

‘But ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit — shade! Delightful climate this!’

The exclamation was uttered by my bosom-chum, Tom R ——. As the thermometer then stood — where the shade was, did not fully appear — the assertion did not, in fact, seem quite borne out. Taking a sip of lukewarm water, just enough diluted to qualify it for killing unwholesome animalculæ, the speaker lit a fresh roll of the fragrant weed, and again threw himself upon the soft ground.

We were within cannon-shot of the good city of Vera-Cruz, concealed from the admiring gaze of the Argus-eyed gentlemen who manned the batteries thereof, only by huge, treeless hills of sand, the accretion of long ages of stormy, blustering ‘northers.’ Upon reflection, lest some of my captious old mess-mates might cavil, the adjective *good* is recalled, and any epithet better suited to the true character of the place may be substituted. There was not a particle of shelter from the heat, as the sun beat down in a steady blaze, causing the skin to crack with very dryness, as, like the hot blast of a furnace, it penetrated the tented canvas.

‘Like it! — do you?’ was the sole answer essayed, and that, like its predecessor, was an ejaculatory response, tinged with irony. One’s self-complacency entirely left him as he longed for the cooling shades of the upper country, beneath those trees whose delicious fruits are always in season; and then compared such a state with the forlorn condition of being grilled like steaks. It was decidedly unpleasant. The imperturbability of my comrade was extremely provoking to all the panting multitude who glared upon him from tents which gave but the semblance of shadow, while they excluded any wandering breath of air that might be stirring. With the least puff from the sea, the atmosphere was filled with floating particles of sand and scaly dust. That, and the white, dazzling, arid surface of the loose, fluctuating soil, created a tendency to ophthalmia, which was in no way alleviated by the chilly nights, attended with heavy dews. Well, as we have seen, no body felt any disposition to talk, even; while the majority solaced themselves with the soothing influence of the weed. For the purpose of intercepting any faint stray breeze that should be softly stealing inland, several of the soldiers had crept to the ridge of the high sand-hill; and there, their attention was called to, and riveted upon, some moving object, and two or three of the number imprudently rose at a full elevation.

‘Get down, men! you’ll attract the shot.’

The order was sharply given by an officer. It was promptly obeyed. The upright figures vaulted backward, while all the others went rolling down the hill like so many boys at play. The order had, however, been rendered supererogatory by the sharpness of the look-out in the enemy’s battery opposite, who, seeing the sworn foemen of his country, let fly a shell of heavy calibre. The flash gave barely time for each

of our lads to imitate the example of Lorenzo de Medicis, who, at the siege of Mondolpo, ducked his head, and so saved it. He was counted none the less valiant for his agility; nor were our fellows, who were all good men and true; possessing sufficient judgment to avoid ducking their heads into the way, when too many shots were buzzing around, and the presence of mind to dodge a single one. The shell whisked through the ridge of the hill, the force of the concussion of air tearing up the sand for an extent of several feet, in its rapid course knocking down an officer's tent; then, burying itself in the ground, burst upward, and scattered abroad clouds of scorching sand, and a hail-storm of small pebbles.

In extenuation of their imprudence, the soldiers said that a horseman was cantering across the plain between the doomed city and our position, and, from the coolness and confidence he displayed, while all the time a mark to be fired at from the walls, they argued that he was an emissary from the other army. It was proposed to take him prisoner if he should approach much nearer; and two active men set about the undertaking.

'*Patricio, el soldado!*' exclaimed my native servant, in surprise.

'Nonsense! it's one of our own regiment; see the braid on his uniform!' said another.

The boy was right, and so was the other, who had rebuked him.

'Muchacho, go and tell him to ——'

The cavalier had anticipated any command, as he espied the *pro tem.* chieftain of his company; and he rode up to the place where we stood, mounted on a horse whose fine looks even surpassed the impudence of its rider; and that is saying a great deal. With what consummate grace did that arch-scamper, Pat Noon, salute his officers as he drew up from a gallop!

The fortune of war, and high living, had, by laying my captain temporarily on the shelf, placed me in command of a company; and to it belonged he of the elegant salute and brazen front. I had to sustain the dignity of place by taking the saucy fellow to task. For a few moments, there were serious designs of extra guard-duty for the reckless soldier, who had perilled the lives of so many of his houseless and horseless comrades. It raised one's ire to see what airs the knave took; and the bottle of wrath was speedily uncorked for him. It was but fair play that he should have a hearing before severe measures were taken, and by common consent, the officers desisted from invective to await his explanation. Noon, dismounting, led the well-caparisoned horse to me, and tendered it for my acceptance. That put a new phase upon the matter. The story was short. A Mexican officer was crossing the plain at some distance beyond, and in a laudable spirit of zeal for public interest, Noon had watched his motions. They met; when, with no weapon but a bayonet, the soldier engaged him in combat, and defended himself so effectually, that he had escaped all serious injuries. His jacket was torn, to be sure; but in consideration of his gallantry, he was promised a present of another. Well, to continue, the narrative ended by the victorious knight carrying off the spoils of the vanquished. Had he slain the enemy? No! that would have been base; an act

unworthy of a brave soldier of the Great Republic. He had humanely released him upon his parole of honor; that was better. In one of the empty holsters were found several pieces of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, and those seemingly-important documents were clutched as great prizes. It was broadly hinted, that they affected the welfare of our whole army; and despite the sultry heat of the weather, the affair made quite a breeze.

'How's that? a bundle of dispatches seized? What a glorious turn-up for Pat Noon!'

The captor, like the dumb yet thoughtful parrot, preserved a mysterious silence in regard to the papers; and in the mean while, the examination of their contents slowly progressed.

'Written in English! There's treason some where, gentlemen — treason! Come into my tent, and we'll investigate.' We did as desired, following Captain S — into his hot-house, where he attempted to peruse the documentary evidence of rascality.

'I can't get at the meaning, exactly,' said he. 'Suppose some of you try to spell them out.'

One took up one piece of torn paper, and peered into each letter and word; then spelt the words backward; shook his head, and gave up in despair. The others were as unsuccessful. The heading seemed similar to accounts or requisitions for forage; but no one for a moment believed that so many bushels of corn meant just that number, and so on.

'I see how it must be,' said the sagacious S —; 'some traitor has furnished the number of horses, wagons, and provisions, that we have in our camp, with intent to give the Mexicans an advantage over us. However you may smile, gentlemen, I think it my duty to forward these documents to head-quarters.'

The declaration, pompously delivered, was received with some degree of pleasantry by the listeners; for they were unable to attach any great importance to a handful of scraps of crumpled paper. The idea could not have originated in any other brain than that of the sagacious S —, and all the others, with one consent, determined to do nothing about the affair. Beside its manifest folly, it might involve the loss of my new acquisition. A slight whisper did the business.

'A very serious matter, if it should come to the ears of the general,' suggested one.

'Very serious, indeed,' answered another.

'How so?' inquired S —, picking up his gold-mounted spectacles, which he adjusted to look again at the strange missives.

'Don't you see, Sir, that these are false dispatches, made out for the sole purpose of misleading the enemy? It will never do in the world to let it get bruited about. The officers who opened them will be cashiered.'

The bait took. S — was the first who had laid violent hands upon the scraps which had come to be dignified with the appellation of documents; and his continual dread of being cashiered — which dread, through the assiduous exertions of his subs., had ripened into a monomania — was made the subject of an innocent jest. It was a lucky

piece of business for me. At that time, every body was sighing to become possessed of some beast of burthen or other; and, in the great efforts that were made for the accomplishment of the object, over-nice distinctions as to rights of property were habitually disregarded. When horses could not be obtained, mules, and even some of the diminutive donkeys which abound in that part of the country, had been pressed into service, as the only substitutes for the more noble animal. The latter species were almost exclusively appropriated by the sailors of the fleet, who had landed with the army; who, by the by, did not receive any extraordinary amount of benefit from their steeds. School-boys drag their sleds up high hills, with great toil, for the pleasure of sliding rapidly to the bottom again. Jack had often to boost his donkey to the summit of a hill, to the sole end that the most stubborn of all quadrupeds might roll him all the way to the foot; or, at least, until some sympathizing ship-mate came to the rescue; when, together, they would carry the fractious little beast to the place from which he had rolled.

A few days previously, I had owned a sleek mule, well saddled and bridled; but in a skirmish with some plundering rancheros, away back on the plains, it managed to escape from my friend, in whose care it was, and the last glimpse of it I caught as it faded away in the distance. Many times had Tom sighed for any beast of burden, to lighten the fatigues of his perambulations; and, at the contemplation of my superior fortune, his laments waxed still more plaintive. Indeed, at the first, he had been inclined to cry, 'Halves!' but, as there is no well-authenticated case on record since the time of Munchausen, where a severance of such an animal had been made without detriment to his physical condition, the absurd idea was not entertained.

Vera-Cruz was soon to fall beneath the weight of the force directed against its walls; for so said the General-in-Chief, Scott; and he is a man of his word. Busy rumor noised around that our troops were to march inland an apocryphal number of leagues. Tom was sad; he had no horse. An ill star presided over the destinies of my friend.

'I'll do this,' said he to me one day, in a confidential tone; 'you can get on the staff, you know, if you choose, and you can then get a horse from the quarter-master; a horse that can be called a horse,' and looking underratingly at mine — 'none of your mustang ponies, but an animal that's worth having. Here's my fine rifle; give me the beast — it's yours.'

Now, the elevation of eye-brows and a depreciatory tone of voice did not have much influence on me; but the barter had. He took my four-footed companion, and I received his much-admired rifle; one of the kind that can kill its man as far as one can draw a bead on him. Tom rejoicingly sprang upon the back of his purchase, with a suddenly-increased estimate of its value; and he did not require even a verbal warranty of it. While cantering around among the various encampments which, scattered through the chapparal and among the hills, formed a cordon to guard the devoted city, certain slight misgivings touching the title to the *caballo* crept athwart the mind of the rider. The former proprietor would soon be a prisoner of war, if in the land of the living; and the courtesies of the profession of arms would

peremptorily require a restoration of the horse. Now, that seemed to my comrade to be quite unreasonable, notwithstanding the laws of nations, of which he only remembered an inkling; just enough to bring him into trouble whenever they came in question. What did Grotius, Pufendorf, Vattel, and the like, know of such things? Had such kidney any experience in military life? They are received authorities, nevertheless. There was one way by which any reference to the publicists aforesaid could be rendered unnecessary. Tom determined to so alter the personal appearance of his horse that his own mother would not have known him, and thus obviate the trifling difficulty. Not that the gallant cavalier would act in an ungentlemanly manner—not he! but he well knew that our foemen had been extremely forgetful of courtesies on former occasions, and had failed to reciprocate on an appeal to chivalry.

So highly was our hero alive to the tread of his *caballo*, that in the darkness of the mid-night hours the least restlessness of his horse awoke him. Never did neophyte, in prayerful watchfulness with his armor on, at the eve of knighthood, keep a sharper look-out than he did. He was officer of the guard one night, when the sentinel heard steps crackling like thorns under a pot, as some suspicious stranger moved through the brittle underwood; some thief, Tom thought, watching an opportunity of stealing his cherished animal. Drawing his sword, he bade a soldier follow him in the exploration of the dense thicket; and into it they struggled as fast as the thorny net-work would permit. Presently, they had approached the prowler so closely that he could almost be reached with a bayonet. The deep shade of the wood alone obscured the form of the knave from the bright moon-light.

'*Halte!*' shouted Tom. No answer. The challenger was no linguist, yet his imperfect rendering of brief military orders was at least intelligible; and if any one was so stupid that he could not understand it, there was an apt teacher close at hand—cold steel; and he should have a few inches of it.

'Mexicano, ladrone, you thief, you! *halte*, I say, or I'll fire!'

The night-walker would have escaped silently, but for the vigilance of the grim minister of justice who tracked his foot-steps. Indistinctly seeing the young trees bend, as the person of the fugitive pressed through and between them, the officer renewed his challenge in an admixture of tongues. Although valorous, quick to resent an insult, he was averse to the inglorious shedding of blood unto death, when the simple process of ear-cropping would convey the moral equally well. He made a spring in the direction the game was taking, but the elastic saplings bore him back. One more spring, more cautiously made, and the pliant branches yielded, and the dark head of the pursued was within reach. He grasped him by the throat, when—oh! tell it not in Gath!—a miserable little donkey opened his mouth and brayed aloud. Tom withdrew as speedily as possible; having first given a caution of secrecy, which was not well kept by the soldier. So much for being too vigilant, and so much for the fund of standing jokes of the mess.

Having procured another horse for my own use, I went one morning after parade, to seek my chum. The site of his tent was with some

difficulty ascertained ; for the fluctuating sands, which with each breeze changed their shapes and positions, had nearly covered it. He was about to commence the work of altering the looks of his purchase ; but, in order to give me the pleasure of his company, he kindly consented to postpone the operation, and together we rode away to view the novelties of the country. Leaving the camp-ground, we followed a path leading into the wild grazing-lands, and winding around the varied beauties of Nature until it reached the sea-shore. From an elevated position, we could take in at a sweep a great distance of the comprehensive landscape. In the rear, were masses of wood, broken here and there by a smooth piece of prairie ; and occasionally, the humble, cane-built houses of the poorer class of natives, or more elegant abodes of the aristocratic nabobs who had both the ability and the wit to keep clear of the beleaguered city. It was not for the purpose of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the panorama of nature that we had ascended the height : we had some thing else in view.

At a mansion partaking of the cut of both styles of architecture, a dwelling whose appearance did not denote any great pretensions in its inmates to be better than their neighbors, yet having enough of every thing but society, we halted and dismounted. There was a slight rustling of gauze curtains, and moving of Venetian blinds, and by the time that the domestics had taken the bridles, two young ladies appeared. They were by no means new faces ; for, taking advantage of an accidental discovery of their worthy sire's good opinion of all our countrymen in general, and ourselves in particular, we had made frequent calls upon them. One of the señoritas clapped her hands with glee as she surveyed the figure of my friend. His spurs, whose rowels were just four inches long, made him walk as cautiously as if he were a bantam, treading on eggs. Her sister rebuked the laughing one, but could not repress her own titters, as she glided away to prepare the wherewithal to regale the guests. While we chatted, in came the old Don, their aforesaid parent, smiling with unfeigned delight at our visit. I have omitted to state that we were armed with various implements of war, to wit : Tom had provided himself with a musket and cartridges in lieu of the rifle which was the price of his horse ; his infantry-sword depended from his side, and a bright-bladed knife graced the belt of his waist ; while my rifle and heavy cavalry-sabre, pistols and gentee spurs — they had been borrowed for the occasion — completed our movable armory. As the array of weapons were jammed down or tossed into a corner of the room, with the exception of my pistols, which remained belted, the demoiselles seized upon it as an excuse to laugh audibly ; although it was manifest that a certain pair of spurs had more to do with their merriment.

‘ You see that I am mounted, at last, ladies.’

So said Tom, calling to his aid all the knowledge of the Spanish he possessed. Although his attempt to speak it was in a high degree ridiculous, the politeness of our friends forbade them to notice the errors in pronunciation and grammar, and they feigned to understand all that he said. With unabashed front, he continued to roll out the grand sentences which had been diligently studied ; while I, keeping in mind

a quaint adage, which cautions small boats to keep near shore, answered in monosyllables.

Just then, our animals were led past the wide-open window, in order that they might be properly cared for. Our host, the *hidalgo*, no sooner saw them than, intently fastening his gaze upon that of my comrade, he vented an exclamation of surprise, and started to his feet. He had recognized it at a glance; and by its neighing, the horse testified its gratification at returning to his old master's domicile. Tom's face flushed as if he had been detected in theft; and the more violent his efforts to appear cool and unconcerned, as he stroked his moustache, in just that proportion he fidgeted on his seat. But his property was not endangered then. The *hidalgo* had disposed of the horse to an officer of our army, and it was the reflection that its owner had come to harm that troubled the kind old gentleman. All the family had laughed at the recital of the capture from the enemy, and now the tide turned, and they were grieved. They saw it all; the officer, their friend, had been killed; how shocking! They grieved at two circumstances: first, that the American officer, a handsome fellow, had fallen; and second, that the soldier who recaptured the animal had not slain the marauding villain who bestrode him.

After that narrow escape of his movable effects, Tom breathed more freely; yet more than ever resolved that his animal's characteristic outline should be changed.

An alarm was given, that *rancheros* were prowling in the vicinity; and as our host was notoriously in the esteem and confidence of our government, and his fellow-citizens bore him no extra good-will on that account, we half suspected a surprise. Up we all jumped, nothing averse to a passage-at-arms with the enemy, whose horse-tramps could plainly be heard on the greensward back of, and only concealed from, the mansion by intervening thickets, which were nicely trimmed, and served both as ornament and *chevaux-de-frise*. Shouts arose in that direction as our host and we two visitors seized our arms, and sallied forth to make battle. The *señoritas* remained in-doors for safety. Soon they heard the loud report of a musket. Looking through the latticed opening, they beheld the prostrate figure of my chum, Tom; but, like sensible little girls as they were, they did not scream nor fall into hysterics — formerly the approved fashion — but devised means of relief. Scarcely had they turned from the lattice, in pursuance of their design, when the hollow sound of many hoofs galloping across the green recalled them; but nothing more than fresh prints on the grass, and dust in the distance, were perceptible, to tell which way the routed had taken. Instantly, the Don came in with his *escopette* of ancient days on his shoulder, looking, in his home-costume, not unlike the brigand we see in pictures; and following close behind him, came us two. There was no need of lint, to quench the wounds of my compatriot. He laid his musket in the corner, and quietly sat down as if nothing in the world were the matter. His atrociously-long spurs, each prong of which was as formidable as the steel gaffs of a fighting-cock, were vexatiously unstrapped and thrown under a table, and down sat the hero of the day.

'Did they not fire on you?' inquired one of the solicitous damsels, pending the slow-coming explanation.

'Not wounded! — Oh! how glad I am!' exclaimed the other of the twain, in great delight.

The truth was this: Tom's long spurs had caught in a running vine, which laid him sprawling on his face; and the report heard was caused by the accidental discharge of his own musket. All the romance of the affair subsided when the humorous old Don explained farther that the noise of hoofs was occasioned by the breaking loose of the horses belonging to the hacienda, and the hallooing and warlike tumult by the servants in the futile endeavor to drive them into an inclosure. No enemy had appeared in sight. This is told you in strict confidence, my partially-disposed reader; and it won't do to let it get around, or our long looked-for promotion will not be hastened therefor.

That very night, the discomfited warrior whom I rejoice to number among my best friends, carried into execution his veterinary project in regard to a certain quadruped who figures largely in these pages: So transformed was it, with the aid of pincers and shears, that the man lived not who could have identified him as the steed which had so gaily trotted into the personal estate of Tom. The strong and full mane which flowed like a stormy river during a freshet, was trimmed and braided into fair dimensions *à la militaire*; and the bright star on his forehead was obliterated, hair by hair, until scarcely a speck shone to tell what once had been. No longer did he present the appearance of the unshorn rural mustang, but, although his eyes still glowed like living embers, and his free pace was like the light, he looked every inch a staid trooper.

For a few days, the mounted knight feigned that he had an extraordinary number of visits which could not be forgone without incurring the imputation of great incivility. Many of the dragoons in our camp were yet dismounted, and they pined in secret for the society and comfort of their fleet-companions, who still remained on ship-board; and when the vain possessor of the cropped yet fine-looking animal cantered him thitherward, the chagrined men of horse waxed wroth with fair jealousy. Rosinante, as its master delighted to call it, in imitation of an immortalized one of the race, was sure to attract much attention by his vivacity and beauty, as he outstripped the heavier dragoon horses.

II.

THE city of Vera Cruz having capitulated, the troops marched out, laid down their arms, and making a *congé*, betook themselves to parts remote. Our colors, amid clouds of smoke which arose from the saluting batteries, were flung to the breeze from the various fortifications in the city, as well as from the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Some of our troops marched into the city of sixteen cupolas, but many more encamped on a fine level plain. It was most assuredly a great gratification to make the remove.

The thorny chapparal, with its ten millions of bugs, and the glowing sands, were forsaken with joy. Long lines of white tents were symmetrically arranged on the luxuriant carpet of grass, the sides bounded

by evergreen foliage, which screened from view the naked hills. In front the glistening cupolas and gloomy towers of the city stood out in bold relief against the blue serene, while the foam-crested waves of the Gulf were clearly seen, as, in ceaseless roars, they dashed against the coral reefs. That was all certainly very fine and grand; well calculated to suggest the poetic thoughts which arose in the mind of the romantic cavaliers. While the unobscured rays of Apollo were gradually burning dark the countenance, a delicious movement of air, like the veil of the enchantress, would spring up to fan the sweltering troops. No one more appreciated the few comforts of the coast than my friend Tom. As the surf wildly broke in, and the waves combed the beach, our hero would sit on his saddle and drink in inspiration — and sometimes diluted whiskey. So seldom was he seen without his barb, that one might almost fancy him a modern Centaur. When night extended her dusky wings, he spread himself in his roomy wall-tent, but not until he had carefully picketed Rosinante a few yards in the rear; and, with agreeable anticipations of the morrow's pleasures, his consciousness was wafted away into the realm of balmy slumber.

One morning came: the horse was invisible. Nothing for a time could be learned of his fate; but then came a soldier who had been on guard during the night. The regimental quarter-master, Lieut. G. Bolivar H——, had laid his eyes covetously on the steed. He had scarcely brushed sleep from his lids, when, without so much as inquiring for the owner, he pretended that the property was captured from the enemy, and so properly within his custody. Tom raged furiously. He declared that the said individual must have known that he was trespassing upon private property; and, much as he regretted the necessity, he felt imperatively called upon, for the honor of the service, to bring H—— before a court-martial to answer for such misconduct. Upon reflection, he contented himself with nursing his wrath until he could meet the wrong-doer face to face. Indeed, it had occurred to Tom that any investigation might lead to developments not at all desirable under the circumstances. To avoid that end, legal proceedings were dispensed with, although the sufferer still cherished a fierce determination to call to account, in a private way, the bold innovator of his rights.

As without a horse there is no ride, he of the spurs sauntered into town to while away an hour that, but for the fact above detailed, might have been spent in a far more agreeable manner. There he accepted an invitation to join in a conviviality with a party of officers of all arms, including some of our own and the French navies. At the corner of a long table sat H——, amusing his auditors with one of his droll recitals. His limbs were thrust under the mahogany in a fancy contortion, he seemingly enjoying himself to the utmost capacity — with him a shade beyond the usual run. In answer to the salutation of the merry H——, our bereaved friend angrily demanded why he had presumed to carry off his horse. Was it intentional? If so, it should not rest there; not it, indeed. The grave imputation produced no great sensation; for horse-stealing, called by a much softer name, had been much indulged in among certain fun-loving fellows, who, under the cover of darkness, borrowed many a good, bad, or indifferent quadruped;

and as the memory of the gentlemen was destitute of a particle of tenacity, they entirely forgot to return them. As the animals really belonged to the government as captured property, in turn the receiving-officer, the quarter-master, begged leave to say something in the matter, unless by a beforehand operation some one else relieved said dignitary of the trouble.

‘Horse? horse?’ said H —, thoughtfully. ‘Did I hook your horse? Very sorry, I assure you, if the mistake did happen. When did you lose him? for really, I’ve not the least recollection of ever seeing yours.’

Tom, in rather savage mood, conjured up the night of the loss; and, as he warmed up and his tongue became oily, he gave a glowing description of the beauty, gait, and actual value of his horse.

‘What kind of a’ —

Less in anger than in the fulness of a burdened breast, Tom glided onward:

‘Unmatched in speed by any in the camp; could outrun any thing that was brought against him; extremely vigorous, yet as docile as’ —

‘Yes, yes, but how did he look?’

‘A dark bay, with scarcely a mark of white on it. A pretty, small head; limbs clean, straight, compact; and such eyes! Why, Sir, they sparkled like — like — well, they were very fine. There was a grace and elegance about his throat that no common beast can pretend to; and all over his body the veins swelled; and what a tail! a splendid, flat, bushy’ —

‘Ay, but what kind of a mane? full and long?’

‘It was full, but not very long, for it had been braided and somewhat shortened; and now I recollect that each braid was decked out with a piece of ribbon that the daughters of’ —

H — mused no longer, but burst out into a tremendous laugh.

‘My dear fellow, was that yours? I thought it belonged to the commissary. Ha! ha! Why, the very next day I made it a present to one of my friends in the city here, and he has since left for the country. Upon my word, I thought it belonged to the commissary.’

Commissaries are a class not exceedingly popular in the army, and, with a few shining exceptions, are only tolerated as a necessary evil. Their generally attributed habit of expanding eight ounces into a pound avoirdupois, is the main cause of this. Whether guilty or not of the peculations laid to their charge by growling campaigners on short allowance, it is considered a capital jest to plunder them as they are said to do others. It is a comparatively rare occurrence for any one to overreach them — for they are a sharp set of men — and when it is done, no body sympathizes with the loser.

The roar of laughter which followed from the assembled warriors was too earnest and hearty not to affect the risible faculties of Tom; and in vain did he attempt to refrain that he might appear indignant; but no one laughed with more gusto than the pleasant commissary himself when his attention was called from the viands and *vino-tinto* to the intellectual discussion. Tom soon thought the jest excellent, as he

became assured that the fine little creature which had almost caused a deadly feud, had not been converted into sausages or salt-junk. The reflection wonderfully calmed his mind. The purloiner promised him as satisfaction as good a horse as had been taken by mistake.

Many a tale concerning horse-flesh was served up until it came to the turn of H ——— to contribute his quota. He had sent his servant to purchase some little niceties for his table. The man landed at the door of a *tienda*, leaving the horse under the care of a Mexican boy, who, in consideration of a promised *quartilla* — that most diminutive of silver coin — was to guard him. The purchase completed, the man went to the door, when lo! no horse appeared. He gleaned from the stupid lad that a soldier in the same uniform had tossed on the ground the sum of one dime, nearly quadruple the promised reward; and as the boy stooped to pick it up, leisurely bestrode the horse, and rode off, the lad not dreaming that he had been deceived.

‘Now talk of your horses,’ continued H ———, enthusiastically; ‘why, Sir, that was a horse! What a mane and tail! For my part, I’ve not seen such a fine creature in the whole country. The worst of the whole matter is, that at the same time I lost some memoranda of accounts, which have cost me more trouble than can readily be imagined; and in searching every where for some means to supply the deficiency, I soon forgot to hunt my *cheval*.’

Tom began to pay more attention when comparison was instituted, and a smile played over his face as he drew out the remainder of the description.

‘Could n’t compare, my dear Sir, in looks. Your one had rather a graceful, easy gait, I admit; something similar to that of mine, but there all comparison drops.’

‘Had he a white star on his forehead?’ carelessly asked Tom.

‘White star? certainly he had, and it was as free from blemish or stain as a’ ———

‘Long tail, too, I suppose?’

‘Tail! one of the most magnificent switches you could ever wish to look at. Why, it was a pleasure to’ ———

‘Red-skirted saddle-cloth, fringed with blue?’

‘Yes. How did you? did I tell?’ ———

Tom did not immediately reply to the unfinished interrogatory. How could he? a convulsion of laughter deprived him of the power of speech. His risible faculties seemed to have gone mad. Before he had sufficiently recovered from the paroxysm to account for his conduct, a new scene was enacted. The ponderous door majestically swung open, and our ancient ally, the Don, was ushered into our midst. The good old man was in trouble. The personal attachment which he had conceived for a certain officer of our army, who had been killed or taken prisoner, had allowed him no rest until he could learn his fate. After the victorious issue of the bombardment, he had made no attempt to conceal his solicitude, even from his fellow-citizens, our enemies. One impudent upstart of an official, who had left the humble yet honest occupation of selling vegetables to take up the trade of politics, actually snapped his fingers in the face of the old Don when he inquired of him

concerning his lost friend. Deeply wounded in his most sensitive part by the act of the supercilious ruffian, the worthy Hidalgo made use of the only weapon in his power—the pen. With that keen instrument he wrote a fierce letter to the President of the Republic, in the simplicity of his heart, believing that he would redress his grievance ; while his daughters—kind girls!—quenched their sorrow for the gallant officer in copious supplies of ink, which dropped from the points of their pens into verse.

Well, the Don came into our merry-making in the city, as above stated, in a different state of mind from ourselves. He had scarcely made a bow when he opened both arms, rushed over to H——, for a second stared into his face, then encircled him with his extended arms, and clasped him to his bosom. The Don had discovered the object of his search, he of whom he had been so long in quest. When the excitement had subsided, Tom finished his story. He gave a brief history of the whole matter from beginning to end ; how the horse had been first obtained, trimmed, and curtailed of his fair appendages. As an incident, he spoke of the scraps of paper which the astute S—— had taken for dispatches. A rocket-like explosion of laughter ensued, as, with the suddenness of that missile's going off, the awful truth burst upon the mind of H——, who exclaimed :

‘ Oh ! my memoranda ! my accounts ! ’

He had stolen his own horse !

Not one of that whole company laughed more immoderately than the Don, who was brimful of joy, and with choral song and jollity the time flew by. The best of the joke, after all that is said and done, is, that two or three of my old comrades will remember, when they read this, the part they acted.

W. H. BROWNE.

THE HAPPIER DAY.

How in the sunny fields of youth
We spurn the flowers that bloom around us,
And swayed by the resistless spell
With which some mocking fate has bound us,
We hasten forward on our way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

We cannot close our charmed ears
To the soft strains some siren ever
Singeth of an Elysian rest
Which the deceived one findeth never:
And thus we wander on our way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

Still glide the inexorable years,
And still the same enchantment binds us;
We dream away the noon of life,
Till age at last slow stealing finds us,
Still with wrinkled head and gray,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

When the death-angel, AZRAEL,
Leads us with gentle hand aside
To the dim land where spirits dwell,
Still with our pale and silent guide
We enter on our unknown way,
Dreaming of the Happier Day.

Zeta.

T H E M A R R I A G E O F T H E S E A S .

SUGGESTED BY THE CONTEMPLATED SHIP-CANAL.

A SWEET and gentle angel came near my couch at night,
With wings of downy softness, and eyes of starry light;
And when she spoke I trembled, as aspens in the breeze,
For she brought an invitation to the Marriage of the Seas.

I felt a strange enchantment stealing through and through my mind,
As down the waving forest steals the balmy summer-wind;
I ventured no acceptance, but I bade the sprite 'Away!'
When close she came, and closer, and on my pillow lay.

And now she whispered temptingly, and made me hear her sing,
As quickly o'er my senses she threw her soothing wing;
I fell into a slumber, when a vision bright as day
Played with my raptured spirit, and stole my heart away.

I ventured now acceptance, and I begged the phantom tell
When the nuptial would be ready, and where the marriage-bell?
Ah! then I learned the errand of my pillowed angel there
Was worthy of a queenly crown upon her forehead fair.

She bore no messages of ill, but spoke her noble heart,
As she mourned the separation of nations far apart;
And she said a narrow Isthmus divided sea from sea,
Where the nuptial would be spoken, in presence of the free.

The bride, a mild Pacific maiden, unto the altar came;
Her brow was marble majesty, her heart a sacred flame:
Her bracelet was of richest pearls, her necklace golden hills,
Her treasures jewelled islands, her draughts the mountain rills.

The bride-groom was a hero, with escutcheon of degree,
His bosom bore the record of a noble heraldry;
The Genoese, the Pilgrim Sires, the victories of the west,
These of all others were the 'fields' he loved to count the best.

The wedding was magnificent; the priest, of manly face,
Was the great High-Priest of Freedom — the Anglo-Saxon race:
The witnesses were planets, the halls the spangled skies,
The guests were orient nations — their presents, argosies!

It is a glorious privilege to be a guest this night,
Where moon and stars are chandeliers, and seas reflect their light:
And scarcely have we entered the broad cathedral hall,
When seraphs sing in harmony a merry madrigal:

'Come to the bridal, moon and stars,
Come to the hall of revelry;
Come SATURN, MERCURY, and MARS,
Witness the wedding of the sea!

'Come to the bridal, men and kings,
Come! diamonds though your crowns may be;
And let the gift each casket brings
Be worthy of a married sea!

'Darren mountains bow their heads,
And Isthmus hills are cleft in twain;
The swamps, lagoons, and panther-beds
Are buried by the stalwart Thane.

'The ANGLO-SAXON is the priest —
The matrimonial rites shall be]
Performed before the marriage-feast,
When Sea is married unto Sea!

'Come to the bridal, moon and stars,
Come to the hall of revelry;
Come, SATURN, MERCURY, and MARS,
Witness the wedding of the sea!'

The halls were opened, and the guests assembled in a throng,
As summer winds from moon-lit isles came carolling along;
The priest, clad in his flowing robes, thus to the maiden said:
'Wilt thou to-night, PACIFIC maid, be with ATLANTUS wed?'

Her calm consent upon her lip — he to ATLANTUS turned,
And saw within his manly eye a noble passion burned:
'Wilt thou unto thy bosom take this gentle maiden's heart?'
'I'll take her to my wedded wife, and act a husband's part.'

The halls still opened, and the guests assembled in a throng,
And breezes from the southern isles, still chorusing along;
The priest the while, in flowing robes, his solemn sanction gave:
'Ye twain are one in crested surf, or undulating wave:

'In peace or war, through good and ill, I bind ye to your oath;
The world hath claims upon your bond — the nations guard you both:
This tie unites the Pagan and the Oriental world
To shores whose people triumph in a Christian flag unfurled.'

The angel of the downy wing, the sylph of star-lit eyes,
Now left the hall, a messenger of HYMEN to the skies;
And there on record may be found, 'mid heavenly mysteries,
The wedding of the waters bright — the Marriage of the Seas!

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

THE three establishments were broken up. Minie was provided for by Viscount Paul; Musette, by another young Viscount; and Phemy had gone some where—no one knew exactly where. The three friends had broken with their mistresses, but they had some money—enough for a week's revel, and they were in the first day of it, while the snow fell thickly out of doors.

Marcel had sent the porter on a commission, and paid him in advance to insure its completion. As he did so, the man was struck with the unusual appearance of a gold piece in the painter's hands, and before going on his errand, hastened to apprise the landlord (with whom Marcel was in arrears as usual) of the important fact.

'Sir,' he blurted forth, quite out of breath with haste and emotion, 'the artist in the sixth story has money—that big fellow, you know, who laughs in my face when I bring him his account.'

'Yes,' said the landlord, 'and who had the impudence to borrow money of me to pay me back part of it. He has notice to quit.'

'Ah, Sir, but he is rolling in gold to-day, and giving a party. I saw them just now. It's a good time.'

'You're right,' said the landlord. 'I will go myself.'

Just as Rodolphe was thundering out a song which he had found at the bottom of his glass, there came several knocks at the door. Marcel, who expected *some body else*, leaped up from his chair and the torpidity of incipient drunkenness, and ran to open it.

A gentleman appeared on the threshold, not so bad-looking, except that his dressing-gown was very clumsily made.

'I am glad to see you so comfortable,' he said, looking at the table on which appeared the remains of a magnificent leg of mutton.

'The landlord!' cried Rodolphe; 'let us receive him with the honors due to his position!' and he commenced beating on his plate with his knife and fork.

Colline handed him a chair, and Marcel cried:

'Come, Schaunard! pass us a clean glass. You are just in time,' he continued to the landlord; 'we were going to drink your health. My friend there, Mr. Colline, was saying some touching things about you. As you are present, he will begin over again, out of compliment to you. Do begin again, Colline.'

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said the landlord; 'I do n't wish to trouble you, but'—and he unfolded a little paper which he had in his hand.

'What's the document?' asked Marcel.

The landlord, who had cast an inquisitive glance around the room, perceived some gold on the chimney-piece.

'It is your receipt,' he said, hastily, 'which I had the honor of sending you once already.'

'My faithful memory recalls the circumstance,' replied the artist. 'It was on Friday, the eighth of the month, at a quarter past twelve.'

'It is signed, you see, in due form,' said the landlord; 'and if it is agreeable to you'——

'I was intending to call upon you,' interrupted Marcel. 'I have a great deal to talk to you about.'

'At your service.'

'Oblige me by taking something,' continued the painter, forcing a glass of wine on his landlord. 'Now, Sir,' he continued, 'you sent me lately a little paper, with a picture of a lady and a pair of scales on it. It was signed *Godard*.'

'The constable's name.'

'He writes very badly; I had to get my friend here, who understands all sorts of hieroglyphics and other languages'——and he pointed to Colline——'to translate it for me.'

'It was a notice to quit; a precautionary measure, according to the rule in such cases.'

'Exactly. Now I wanted to have a conference with you about this very notice, for which I should like to substitute a lease. This house suits me. The stair-case is clean, the street gay, and some of my friends live near; in short, a thousand reasons attach me to these premises.'

'But,' and the landlord unfolded his receipt again, 'there is the last quarter's rent to pay.'

'We shall pay it, Sir. Such is our fixed intention.'

Nevertheless, the landlord kept his eyes glued to the money on the mantel-piece; and such was the fixed pertinacity of his look that the coins seemed to move toward him of themselves.

'I am happy to have come at a time when, without inconveniencing yourself, you can settle our little account,' he said, presenting once more his receipt to Marcel, who, not able to parry the assault, avoided it once more.

'You have some property in the provinces, I think,' he said.

'Very little, very little. A small house and farm in Burgundy; very trifling returns; the tenants are bad pays, and therefore,' he added, pushing forward his receipt again, 'this small sum comes just in time. Sixty francs, you know.'

'Yes,' said Marcel, going to the mantel-piece and taking up three pieces of gold. 'Sixty, sixty it is,' and he placed the money on the table just out of the landlord's reach.

'At last,' thought the latter. His countenance lighted up, and he similarly laid down his receipt on the table.

Schaunard, Colline, and Rodolphe looked anxiously on.

'Well, Sir,' quoth Marcel, 'since you are a Burgundian, you will not be sorry to see a countryman of yours.' He opened a bottle of old *Macon*, and poured out a bumper.

'Really, I never tasted better,' said the landlord.

'An uncle of mine who lives there, sends me a basket or two occasionally.'

The landlord rose, and was stretching out his hand toward the money, when Marcel stopped him again.

'You will not refuse another glass?'

The landlord did not refuse. He drank the second glass, and was once more attempting to possess himself of the money, when Marcel called out:

'Stop! I have an idea. I am rather rich just now, for me. My uncle in Burgundy has sent me an appendix to my usual allowance. Now I may spend this money too fast. Youth has so many temptations, you know. Therefore, if it is all the same to you, I will pay a quarter in advance.' He took sixty francs in silver and added them to the three Napoleons which were on the table.

'Then I will give you a receipt for the present quarter,' said the landlord. 'I have some blank ones in my pocket-book. I will fill it up and date it ahead—after all,' thought he, devouring the hundred and twenty francs with his eyes, 'this tenant is not so bad.'

Meanwhile, the other three, not understanding Marcel's diplomacy, remained utterly stupefied.

'But this chimney smokes, which is very disagreeable.'

'Why didn't you tell me before? I will send the workmen tomorrow,' answered the landlord, not wishing to be behind-hand in this contest of good offices. He filled up the second receipt, pushed the two over to Marcel, and stretched out his hand once more toward the heap of money. 'You don't know how timely this sum comes,' he continued. 'I have to pay some bills for repairs, and was really quite short of cash.'

'Very sorry to have made you wait.'

'Oh! it's no matter now. Permit me'—and out went his hand again.

'Permit me,' said Marcel; 'we have n't done with this, yet. You know the saying 'when the wine is opened,' and he filled the landlord's glass a third time.

'One must drink it,' and he did.

'Exactly,' said the artist, with a wink at his friends, who now understood what he was after.

The landlord's eyes began to twinkle strangely. He wriggled on his chair, began to talk loosely, in all senses of the word, and promised Marcel fabulous repairs and embellishments.

'Bring out the big guns,' said the artist aside to the poet.

Rodolphe passed along a bottle of rum.

After the first glass, the landlord sang a ditty, which absolutely made Schaunard blush.

After the second, he lamented his conjugal infelicity. His wife's name being Helen, he compared himself to Menelaus.

After the third, he had an attack of philosophy, and threw up such aphorisms as these:

'Life is a river.'

'Happiness depends not on wealth.'

‘Man is a transitory creature.’

‘Love is a nice thing.’

Finally, he made Schaunard his confidant, and related to him how he had ‘put into mahogany’* a damsel named Euphemia. Of this young person he drew so detailed a portrait, that Schaunard began to be assailed by a fearful suspicion, which suspicion was reduced to a certainty when the landlord showed him a letter.

‘Cruel woman!’ cried the musician, as he beheld the signature; ‘it is like a dagger in my heart.’

‘I have furnished a little *entre-sol* for her,’ said the landlord; ‘pretty, very pretty; it cost me lots of money. But such love is beyond price; and I have twenty thousand francs a year. She asks me for money in her letter. Poor little dear, she shall have this — hullo! where is it?’

The money had disappeared.

‘It is impossible for a moral man to become an accomplice in such wickedness,’ said Marcel. ‘My conscience forbids me to pay money to this old profligate.’†

By this time the landlord was completely gone, and talked at random to the bottles. He had been there nearly two hours, and his wife, alarmed at his prolonged absence, sent the maid after him. On seeing her master in such a state, she set up a shriek and asked ‘what they had been doing to him?’

‘Nothing,’ answered Marcel; ‘he came a few minutes ago to ask for the rent. As we had no money, (there was none visible now,) we begged for time.’

‘But he’s been and *drunked* himself,’ said the servant.

‘Very likely,’ replied Rodolphe; ‘the most of that was done before he came here. He told us that he had been arranging his cellar.’

‘Good heavens! what *will* Missus say?’ exclaimed the maid, leading, or rather dragging off her master, who had a very imperfect idea of the use of his legs.

‘So much for him!’ ejaculated Marcel.

‘He has smelt money,’ said Rodolphe; ‘he will come again to-morrow.’

‘When he does, I will threaten to tell his wife about Phemy, and he will give us time enough.’

The four friends re-commenced drinking and smoking.

CHAPTER TWELVE — AND LAST BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE adventurous reader who has kept up with the sayings and doings of civilized gypsy-dom, may perhaps have suspected occasional, or more than occasional gaps and erasures in our narrative. Such, indeed, is the case; and now that we are arrived at the latter half of the book, it is really impossible for us to go any farther. Not so much for fear of shocking the puritanically disposed by any too spicy details — although there are a good many passages which would read rather oddly in English — but from our own sense of self-respect and of respect for art, which revolts at a wanton profanation of sentiment. For, to take the

* Furnished an apartment for.

† What a good anti-renter MARCEL would have made!

first omitted chapter as a specimen, a young man, under the impulse of sheer animal passion, attaching himself to the first eight-day courtesan he can pick up, and then making out of this ephemeral connection a romantic episode in his life, what is this but an utter perversion and profanation of sentiment, no matter how the coarse points may be glossed over, and the story made amusing? Very true in the *realist* sense, no doubt, but a hideous falsification of all ideal and principle. Nevertheless, we cannot pass altogether by this portion of the work; it is too characteristic. We will say a word or two of it, and our word or two may perhaps be not altogether without a moral. The latter half of the *Scènes de la Bohème*, is, as we have hinted, chiefly devoted to *Mesdemoiselles* Phemy, Musette, and Minie, the respective favorites of Messrs. Schaunard, Marcel, and Rodolphe. Phemy, as the coarsest of the three, is naturally associated with the 'rough-and-ready' musician. She is the farcical character of the book, a woman who is confounded by the usages of decent society when she happens upon people who eat and dress in a civilized way. Schaunard thrashes her habitually, and when they finally part company, gives her, as a farewell present, the pieces of the cane he has broken upon her. In America, thank God! such a story would be unnatural. In England, one hears of such things being done by the drunken ruffians who figure in police-reports. But Schaunard is an artist, and is left on the high road to distinction. Nor, by the way, is this the only case in the book where similar proofs of affection are hinted at. This, again, may be very *true* in a certain sense — a legitimate expression of the realist school, but none the less revolting.

Musette is a grade higher, the perfect type of the Parisian grisette, pretty and pleasing, elegant and amiable, withal passing from hand to hand nearly as often as a piece of money, certainly much oftener than a respectable horse. Marcel's first acquaintance with her is made when she is giving a party in the *court-yard* of the house where she lodges, her furniture having been seized for rent and taken down stairs by the sheriff's officers, who are to remove it next morning. After she has quitted the painter, solely on account of his poverty, he, finding himself one day unexpectedly in funds, invites her to come and participate in the revel consequent on his good fortune. She leaves her aristocratic entertainer, (telling him quietly that he loves her as he would a fine horse in his stables, and she him because she loves noise, glitter, and luxury,) and runs off to her *sentiment*. On the way, a snow-storm drives her to take refuge with the actress Sidonia, who is engaged in the *third day* of a game of *lansquenét*. From this party, she goes off with a young man whom she had never seen before, and five days after recollects Marcel, who, of course, by this time, has eaten, drunk, and smoked up all his temporary wealth. Nevertheless, she stays a day with him, and then goes back again to her protector. Ultimately she marries — not Marcel, you may be sure. This again is *real* enough, but what a disgusting waste of talent to beautify and render interesting such a creature!

Lucile *alias* Minnie, is the heroine of the party, as Rodolphe — ap-
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parently by an after-thought of the author's — is the hero.* She is described in the most enchanting colors: a delicate, aristocratic-looking beauty, with exquisite hands. This ethereal creature, after various infidelities, settles definitely under the protection of the young Viscount Paul. But the sight of a copy of verses addressed to her (in the columns of a magazine) by Rodolphe, brings back her thoughts to the poet. The Viscount refusing to buy the magazine for her, she leaves him and earns the money requisite, herself, as a model; in doing which, she becomes consumptive, and goes back to Rodolphe to die — in a hospital. It must be owned that the last scenes of her life are depicted with much true pathos. An ordinary misconception of the French romancer — perhaps we might say of the French *man* — is here strikingly displayed. A sinful woman makes sacrifices out of vanity, or pique, or revenge, such as a virtuous woman might make to preserve her virtue: the suffering being similar, the merit is therefore assumed to be equal.

The book has had a great success, not unattended by practical consequences, something like those of Jack Shepherd. It is said that many young men were seduced by it into leaving respectable positions and turning into vagabond artists or writers, not for true love of literature or art, but for love of this hap-hazard life in which every meal is more or less of an adventure. Yet the author himself allows that the euthanasia of the *Bohemian* is to become a man with a position and a fixed income. Here is the last glimpse we have of the four friends.

A year after Minnie's death, Rodolphe and Marcel, who had kept together, were celebrating their entrance into the official world. Marcel having found his way into the exhibition at last, had sold one of his pictures to a rich Englishman, an old friend of Musette's. With the proceeds of this sale, and of an order from government, he had liquidated a portion of his debts, and furnished a comfortable lodging. Schaunard and Rodolphe had got before the paying and reputation-giving public; the former, with an album of melodies which were sung at all the concerts; the latter, with a book which kept the critics busy for a month. As to Barbemuche, he had given up Gypsy-dom long ago. Colline had inherited some property and made a good match; he gave parties with music and cakes!

One afternoon, Rodolphe, seated in *his own* arm-chair, with his feet on *his own* carpet, proposed to Marcel, who had come to talk over old times with him, that they should dine that day for twelve sous at their old eating-house, 'where we were always so hungry when we had done dining.'

'No indeed!' replied Marcel. 'I like to regard the past, but it is across a bottle of good wine, and seated in a good arm-chair. I *am* spoiled, I confess it. I only like what is good.'

The conclusion sounds like a satire on, and condemnation of, all that preceded it. The *Bohemian* ends, like the German student, in

* This is more conspicuous in the dramatized version where RODOLPHE is represented as a young man of good family and prospects, with a wealthy uncle, (very different from the stove-maker, MONETTI,) all which he gives up to join the gypsy-club.

becoming something very like *the Philistine* he despised. The landlord who asks for his own, was represented as a brute and a butt; the artist who squandered in a drunken orgie the money that might have discharged his rent, was a hero; yet the artist is last seen paying his way

‘Como cualquier buen Christiano,’

perchance even marrying.

Would that we could hope as much of all anti-renters and repudiators!

CARL BENSON.

S I L E N T W O R S H I P .

FIRST BOOK OF KINGS: CHAPTER NINETEENTH: VERSES ELEVENTH, TWELFTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

ON Horeb's brow the prophet stood,
To hold communion with his GOD,
When, with tremendous rush, the wind came roaring,
And shivered mountains while he bent adoring:
Hurled rifted rocks in air,
Crashed through the woods,
Upheaved the floods;
But yet, HE was not there!

The earth-quake shook his slippery stand,
And scattered ruin o'er the land;
Tossed the rent ground like foam upon the billow,
And rocked huge acres o'er their granite pillow:
Aghast, the startled seer,
As low he knelt,
Too surely felt
JEHOVAH was not there!

Then burst the subterranean fire,
To him the world's funereal pyre;
Through countless seams its lava-streams descending,
Till, land and sea in primal chaos blending,
He wept o'er NATURE'S bier;
Yet wept he more,
That, 'mid the roar,
His SAVIOUR was not there.

He ceased: a still, small voice, at last,
Its gentle whisper through him passed;
He knew the POWER, whose light, itself revealing,
Breaks in a flood upon the world of feeling:
Then, veiled in secret prayer,
Serene and still,
Prostrate his will,
GOD communed with him there!

Philadelphia, 8d mo., 1854.

J. J. W.

MY TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

I WAS quietly sitting last night by myself,
Thinking partly of poetry, partly of pelf;
Of what would be said of my yesterday's rhymes,
And how I should weather these 'very hard times:'

When, by easy transition, THOUGHT wandered up-stream,
To the time when young Life was a beautiful dream,
And amid the remembrances, some how or other,
Came the spectacled phiz of my stately grandmother.

Ah! well I remember those silver-rimmed specs,
And the sharp eyes behind them, my plans to perplex;
And the quaintly-crimped cap, bordered neatly with lace,
That so daintily edged her benevolent face.

Fine gold were the beads that her neck gaily bore,
Though long out of fashion, yet treasured the more;
For they were dumb speakers, and whispered of him
Whose fond recollections her eye could bedim.

Her hair had been black, but TIME has a way
Of touching such locks with his pencillings gray,
Although neither he nor his yoke-fellow, CARE,
Could conquer her will nor its action impair.

Well skilled in the art our wild natures to school,
Now mild in her sway, and now stern in her rule;
Oh! well did we boys, in those juvenile days,
Know her promptness to punish, her proneness to praise.

But the Spoiler o'ertook her at length in the race,
And the power of his grasp left a visible trace:
Her strength from long buffeting finally failed,
And her spirit before the new enemy quailed.

Ah! well: she has gone where her troubles are o'er;
Where SORROW'S dark wing casts a shadow no more;
And there she has met with *my* fountain of joy,
My own lovely angel, my darling, my boy!

And are they together, my young love and old?
Do her arms my lost treasure in rapture enfold?
Oh! eyes of my dear one! look down from the sky,
And tell me those arms are around you on high.

Ye stars—homes of all that we mourn here as lost—
Send a ray to my heart, that with anguish is tossed;
And tell me that I shall yet meet, where you roll,
The dove-eyed young cherub now torn from my soul.

Like the tide, in its surgings, throb wildly, O brain!
 Beat, beat, O my heart! till you burst from your chain;
 While, mentally stretched on this torturing rack,
 I madly, imploringly, call for him back!

THE STORY OF MALDONATA:

OF HER LIONESS AND HER WHEELPS.

RELATED AT M. PIPELET'S AFTER THE BEST AUTHORS.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

You must know that in the native land of monkeys and of parrots, called Brazil, (from whence comes *brazier*, seeing it's so hot there,) the Spaniards were once besieged by the natives — very naturally.

When there was nothing more to eat in the city, the Governor had the happy fore-thought to station sentinels at all the gates to prevent the evil-disposed from carrying away victuals, or going out to get any, which greatly rejoiced the undertakers.

Now Maldonata, a brisk young woman, about twenty-five, who had a huge appetite and a digestion in proportion, seized her snuff-box, and said:

'We'll go and see!'

Then she presented herself at the gate:

'Good morning, sentinel.'

'No one basses here.' (He had a slight accent.)

'Thank you. Do you take snuff? Vlan!' (and she flung the snuff into his face.)

'Atsom — atsom — atsom — tsüü!'

'It's good! it's good! God bless you!'

Maldonata was far away before the trooper had finished sneezing and rubbing his eyes.

In a quarter of an hour, when she was hardly three leagues from the city, she saw a cavern in the middle of a plain; what you might call an oäsis in the desert. But perhaps you don't know what an oäsis is? Well, just imagine that you've been trotting round for three or four days without any thing to eat or drink, when suddenly you stumble over a little country tavern, with water *à discrétion*, rabbits in the court-yard, and hay to lie down on. *Voilà*, that's an oäsis.

'Well, well,' said Maldonata, 'I've always adored caverns, I have. Perhaps I should like a beef-steak better just now — but bah! can't I keep shady here? Dam! one can't get every thing! Let us crawl in.'

She entered, and drew out her handkerchief to wipe her forehead. It was so hot!

'Hallo! who's there?' she suddenly cried out.

At the bottom of the cavern, Maldonata saw a couple of torch-lights

blazing away, red as the eyes of a merry capuchin ; at the same time, she was half drowned with a cloud of steam, just as if she lifted the top from a tea-kettle of boiling water. It was a lioness breathing.

Maldonata stopped as short as if she had been grabbed in four places at once. Had the devil tickled her all over, she would n't have laughed. Fact!

'Mon Dieu, don't be afraid.' Thus spoke a great, hoarse, croaking voice. 'My dear charitable lady, take pity on a poor mother of a family who has no children, but who's striving, like one of the possessed, to get some.'

Saying which, the lioness writhed on the ground, rolling, and heaving sighs that would have blown down the towers of Notre Dame — only by good fortune they were n't built at that time.

A thousand others, in the fair Spaniard's place, would have swooned with fear ; but she, never winking, boldly said :

'When it comes to a point like this, it's our duty to help neighbors in distress! What name shall we give the baby?'

Behold three little loves of lions, who threw themselves on all fours to bless HEAVEN for their happy deliverance. In a moment, their 'mamma' rose up, her forehead bathed in perspiration, (it was *so* warm,) and shaking her hair from head to foot :

'Brrrr, is that all?' said she. 'Perhaps madam has n't dined yet ; let's see if there is any thing in the kitchen.'

They searched all over the bottom of the cave ; absolutely there was nothing there except two *tibias* of a horse, and a dromedary's hoof.

'There ain't enough in this restaurant for me,' says the lioness. 'Wait a minute. Young ones, come kiss mamma!'

The young ones growled ; their ma started off with a straight tail ; Maldonata sat down, exclaiming :

'Well, it is funny! Spite of all, I'm deuced hungry.'

An hour passed away — but hunger did n't. All at once, the lioness sprung into the middle of the society, holding in her jaws a roasted kid, piping hot ; and under each arm a basket of provisions, which she generously spread out on the floor. Simplicity of the golden age!

They had, upon my word of honor, a four-pound loaf of bread, radishes, fresh butter, and — tooth-picks!

When they had swallowed every thing, excluding tooth-picks, but including the kid, the lioness said :

'Let's see, while we take coffee — suppose we talk over our affairs. As you can perceive, my good woman, we ain't 'badly off'; and if the table suits you, suppose you put up here? Possibly you've got into that confounded bad habit of sleeping in a bed, but bah! you need n't be any tenderer than the Spanish soldiers, who, to keep the *grounds* of others sleep on the *earth*, eat black bread, and let themselves be shot into the bargain.'

Maldonata found this argument conclusive. As she had no other house, she gave the preference to one she was in to the rest.

Affairs went along smoothly for some time. Every morning after her toilette, the lioness led out her little ones — that grew enormously — and the four did not return until the vesper-hour, loaded with food, but no liquor — that was n't their *forte*.

During their absence, the fair Spaniard composed romances, or tamed lizards; but alas! one fine morning, a corporal's guard surprised her, and led her before the tribunal of the intelligent governor.

'Morbleu,' said he, 'madam, you have violated my sentinel; you've thrown snuff into the teeth of my authority; this can't pass thus. Prepare yourself. You have treated me like a beast, and now I'm going to treat the beasts with you.'

No sooner said than done; they undressed my young daughter; they led her out again to the plain; they tied her to a stout post, planted there expressly for people abandoned to the lions and flies, (*mouches!*)

May-be you think her history ends here? No, you don't: there are seventeen columns more of it in the Spanish *Moniteur*; but as it is a paper which has to talk a great deal to tell a very little, I'll arrange it for you, short order.

Three days afterward, a patrol of city police were walking in the country.

'Tron de l'air,' said the corporal, 'what do I see? A division of tigers trying to kick up a row, *bagasse!* with a battalion of lions — if they ain't lionesses. Eh! Mossu, the Governor, has ordered me to keep order, tron dé l'air! let us surprise the enemy! En avant, fistons!'

'Hurrah!' they screamed in Spanish, and immediately threw themselves — flat on their bellies, which manœuvre so surprised the enemy that tigers fled with lions at their heels; but the lioness remained crouched at the foot of the post.

At length, half with half against their own wills, the soldiers slowly advanced, little by little, step by step, like a cat eyeing a canary-bird in its cage. Maldonata, who saw them coming, said to her lioness:

'Go! I must converse hold with all these gentlemen!'

And the lioness obeyed, like a poodle.

'Tron dé l'air, my princess, this animal's received a splendid education,' said the corporal; 'but *sandis!* here you are again in contravention to the authority; eh! Mossu, the Governor, had you planted here to wilt, and not grow *green* again. Come along, my girl, there's something suspicious under all this — eh!'

'Ah! ha!' said the Governor, hearing the tale of Maldonata, 'you've got *lions* who don't want to live on you, have you? Well, this thing must end some where! sangbleu! tableu! ventrebleu! Ah, bah! I pardon you. Go, change your clothes, and, above all, your habits.'

What a kind governor! A cord round her neck, back naked, ditto all over, clothes with a vengeance!

On her dismissal from court, a fat banker of the place, who under her light dress found the guilty one to his taste, laid his coffers and his hand at her feet. Times were bad. Maldonata picked them both up. They had a good many infants, but never one quarrel.

MORAL REFLECTION.

THIS, gentlemen and ladies, makes you see, firstly, how useless it is to say that any one is ever eaten up by hunger, since it is forbidden by authority — Spanish; lastly, that a good way to prevent being devoured by beasts, is to have half a dozen among your acquaintances.

T H E R E A S O N W H Y .

INSCRIBED TO F. S. C.

I.

You wonder why my playful muse
 Has been so coy of late;
 As if impulsive PEGASUS
 Might never stop to 'bait.'
 Beside, while rhymes are blossoming
 One's hopes may run to seed,
 And so I paused in my career,
 And dropped the lines — to feed!

II.

Two sides there are to human life;
 The dreamy one I've tried,
 And now I tread, with sturdier step,
 The bread-and-butter side;
 Along the paths of Merchandise
 My cautious way I feel,
 And turn my thoughts to selling iron,
 And sometimes even — steel!

III.

Repress you, rising smile, O friend,
 Nor spoil my bit of fun;
 A metal pen may be allowed
 A sympathetic pun.
 And since I've put with madam TRADE
 My faculties to nurse,
 Thought bourgeois, and o'erruns the bounds
 And paths of sober verse.

IV.

Yet 'quips and cranks,' that once were rife,
 Grow scarcer on my lips;
 The light that hovered o'er my pen
 Has suffered an eclipse.
 I wear an unobtrusive hat,
 A Linkinwater coat,
 And memories of an earlier age
 Around my waistcoat float.

V.

Folks speak of me as a sedate
 And proper kind of man;
 They overlook my youthful freaks,
 Or do so — all they can;
 Indeed, I more than half suspect
 It *was* some other boy,
 And not my very self, with whom
 The muses used to toy.

VI.

For if one's known to jingle *rhymes*,
Men vote him but a flat,
And pass him with a sidelong bow,
And cold enough at that;
But the melody of jingling *dimes*
Is quite another sound;
That lifts the beavers from their heads
In deference profound.

VII.

Gain is the Ogre of the age,
That changes men to churls,
That swallows up aspiring minds,
As oysters swallow pearls:
They leave the bar, the bench, the desk,
The academic shade,
And, harnessed in alluring bands,
Become the slaves of trade.

VIII.

Behold, with solemn 'charges' filled,
Those folios o'er my head;
Charges against all kinds of men,
And some against the dead!
These are the records of my life,
For weary days and years;
A sort of sea, that long has swayed
My shifting hopes and fears.

IX.

Yet is my nature not subdued
To that in which it works:
Mine is a sort of holy war,
Like NICHOLAS with the Turks!
Like him I quit a peaceful realm,
And seize the battle brand,
That I may add to my domain
My neighbor's rood of land.

X.

Rhymes are not rhino here; but trade
Adds to one's private *weal*,
And bids e'en beef and puddings smoke
Upon my bit of deal!
So, when your kindly questions come,
As come they do by dozens,
I answer in this way to all
Inquiring friends and COZZENS.

XI.

A '*nom de plume*'s a clever veil
For writers weak and shy,
Wherein the private eye can meet,
Nor fear the public I.
I lift the mask for *you* to peep,
But charge you not to tell
What Pagan or what Christian phiz
Is worn by HONEYWELL.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER FOURTH.

Poplar Hill, August, 18—

DEAR EMILY: I am at home alone; mother, her friends, and the children, having gone to Warren to make a few purchases. When you and Harold were here last night, I expected to accompany them, but was disappointed. I longed to take you into my own room, and tell you all that had occurred during the last week, but could not on account of the visitors. My only resource is a pen and paper; and now that I am wearied with reading, and have partaken of an early dinner, I am delighted to seat myself in the shadows of the east porch, and bring you near me in thought, at least.

I am anxious to know what you think of our visitors. Aunt Eliza, as I have familiarly called mother's maiden sister, is insufferably amiable to me. When I enter her presence, she is pleased and affable, takes an astonishing interest in my opinions. I sometimes think she desires to be rejuvenated, not only in costume—for her French milliner has admirably accomplished that—but in her thoughts and manners. She was a profound mystery to me at first, but circumstances have revealed a depth of astuteness in her character, that I little suspected. I meet her in obscure parts of the house, in long-closed rooms, but never fail to receive the same unembarrassed smile and repartee. She says little to my father, but has long conversations with mother behind closed doors. She is dignified and austere before strangers, but at home quite different; goes all over the barn with Elsie, swings with her under the willows, crowns the child with garden-flowers, and brings her home to us, exulting in the fright her absence has caused. Her niece, Helen Yarrell, is more prepossessing. Her face and figure are pleasing, her suavity of manner fascinating. Her disposition is good, and we agree very well, although our habits and tastes are widely at variance. Her conversation is pedantic. I always feel when she speaks, as though she were making an effort to select the most unpronounceable words for the simplest themes. I find some amusement in noticing her precise ways, and have learned, when remarking her, the detestability of affectation.

Since they have been here, I have been much occupied. I have not, however, taken care of the parlors for the last week. The servant was sent in the room every morning to put the furniture in the old places, and I would not endure the interference.

Yesterday morning we were in the garden later than usual. When we went into the house, Helen and the children repaired to mother's room, while I ran up stairs for my work. When I came down, I met mother crossing the hall, carrying some refreshments for the ladies. Helen saw me, and spoke to me through the open door. Mother did not turn, but walked into her apartment and closed the door behind her. I stood aghast! I could not summon courage to enter. Must I wait an invitation to partake of refreshment in my father's house? My

heart swelled in my breast ; I turned away slowly, and retraced my steps. How wearily my feet moved up the stairs ; I clung to the banister, and reached my room feeling tired and in the way. I reviewed every occurrence of the morning, strove to recall any hasty act of which I had been guilty, but could find none. My irritated feelings were not calmed in the solitude of my own room, and readily fired at the slightest remark.

After you rode off in the evening, Helen remarked that your brother Harold was a splendid looking man, and of very agreeable manners.

'Granted,' said mother, 'but, Helen, you would never think of a man in his position. He is only a minister's son.'

'He seems very pleasant. Is his father worth any thing ?' asked aunt Eliza.

'His father is pastor of the church in Beverley,' replied my mother, 'and supports two daughters on a small salary. I do not know that this young man has an occupation ; his father brought him up in idle habits. The family are respectable !'

'*Respectable !*' I exclaimed, indignantly, 'any lady in the land might be proud of his attentions !'

'It is very evident, Bertha,' said mother, 'that you know nothing of the world. You have a naïveté of expression quite fresh.'

She laughed as she concluded, which stung me to the quick.

Later in the evening, Helen was speaking of an ornamental pastry she had recently learned to make, and mother asked if Helen would teach her the process. She then complained of her failing health, saying she was fond of household occupations, but feared she must soon give them up altogether.

'Why don't you let Bertha do such things for you ?' suggested aunt Eliza.

My patience was almost exhausted, and when mother said, 'Bertha never has time, she cannot even dust the parlors,' I could control myself no longer, and exclaimed :

'You *know* that is false, mother. I have several times assisted you ; and when I have attempted to make cake, you have watched me as you would a child. It was only day before yesterday that you told the cook to take the biscuits from my hands or I would spoil them. And as for the parlor, I dusted it regularly until you ordered Susan to do over what I had done.'

I was frightened when I ceased. The pause seemed so long and deep. I could hear the beatings of my own heart, and feared the rest heard them, too. So I went up stairs, cried until I was calm, and with hearty resolutions to redeem my character on the next day, I went to bed, sad and humbled.

This morning, at breakfast, nothing was said about the ride to Warren. The carriage was at the door, and the ladies dressed when I came from the garden where I go every morning for flowers.

'What portion of creation have you favored with your presence this morning ?' Helen asked, as I came up the avenue ; and mother coming out, said I was very dilatory, and they could not wait for me to dress.

So they went off without me ; and as father went early to Sparrow-

bush to spend the day with old Stephen, I have been alone all day. The solitude is very pleasant, after so many exciting scenes. It is a luxury to sit here and think. I have just been looking at the serene Catskills, and the clear undulations have, by their similitude, brought vividly before me the cemetery at Béechnuts, and a dear grave on the brow of the hill. Oh! pure and quiet sky, bending so lovingly over it, weeping calm tears from out thy holy eyes at nightfall, how I envy thee! There are who feel consoled with the thought that the departed are hovering near them, but to me the idea is repellent. It would sorely grieve me to know that my aunt Mary witnesses all my weakness, all my error, all my sin.

I hear a horse coming up the road; it has turned into the avenue; I must know who it is.

NIGHT. — When I stopped writing this afternoon, I went round the house, and had scarcely turned the angle before I met Harold. He had a book for father, and merely stopped to leave it, but finding me alone, concluded to stay awhile. He fastened his horse, and we sat down on the steps. He was interested to know of my pursuits; and in answering his kind questions, I lost my timidity and conversed naturally. Then we wandered to the garden, and, when wearied, to the grape-arbor, where Harold took a copy of Virgil from his pocket, and asked if he should read to me. I was delighted. Its perusal had long been my ambition. I had read Cæsar, but had not confidence to attempt this exquisite poem. Harold translates beautifully. The deep, mellow tones, and smooth, flowing lines, stole like sweet music to my soul. Every sense was wrapt in the thrilling tale. I was on that beautiful southern sea; I heard Juno plead with the mighty Æolus; I entered that tranquil bay where the waters ‘lay safe and silent.’ I had no thought for the flying moments; I became too much absorbed to follow the translator, and sitting down at his feet, looked up into his face and drank in the glowing words. In a subdued voice Harold was reading how Æneas, by dint of stratagems, sought to inspire the Carthaginian queen with the flame of love; and when he pronounced the words

‘Occultum inspiras ignem, fallasque venens,’

I asked in a clear, although suppressed voice:

‘Is love a poison?’

The leaves beside me rustled as I spoke, and looked around to meet the eyes of mother and Helen.

‘A very unfortunate intrusion!’ exclaimed the former, as I started to my feet; ‘shall we retire?’

Harold was not in the least embarrassed; he addressed them cordially, and said he was so interested in the book he had not heard their approach. Helen asked the name of the volume, called it her favorite, saying she had read the twelve books, and how many had Mr. Montearth read? Harold had read but eight; so Helen tossed her head triumphantly, and we went back to the house. It was seven o’clock. Harold declined an invitation to supper, and took a hurried leave of us.

Father found opportunity before retiring to tell me he wished I would henceforth receive your brother’s visits in the house. Mother

must have told him what she overheard. Was it wrong to sit at Harold's feet and listen so attentively to his reading? I cannot believe it. The attitude expressed earnestness only. But those words of the poet still haunt me, and I mentally ask, 'Is love a poison?'

Good-night, Emily dear. Your own

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

MY HEART'S SPRING-TIME.

BY JENNY MARSH.

I.

My heart is budding with the spring,
 With forests and with flowers;
 And o'er the wastes where snows have lain,
 Hope plants her summer-bowers:
 The buds that withered when the hand
 Of Autumn's gleaner came,
 Are cast aside, and pruned the bush
 That it may bloom again.

II.

The skies grow bright, and o'er my path
 The golden sun-beams fall;
 The daisies spring beneath my feet,
 And wild-birds to me call:
 I will forget the winter-time,
 That passed so weary by;
 Nor will I think these rosy buds
 Have only bloomed to die.

III.

My heart has seen its May before,
 Hath known the sun-beam's kiss,
 And had its garden wake to bloom,
 But not so fair as this:
 For now a gentle hand hath taught
 Its roses where to climb,
 Hath cast aside the ranksome weeds,
 And girded up the vine.

IV.

Ere this, the springs that cheered my heart
 Have found its garden wild;
 And yet the roses blossomed there,
 And sun-shine on it smiled;
 But when the Autumn came, it gave
 To me no golden grain;
 No flowers lingered that might cheer
 My weary soul again.

V.

But all was drear, and o'er the waste
 A snowy shroud was flung,
 While naught but sorrow round it crept,
 And her wild dirges sung.
 No purple wine or golden sheaf
 Was garnered to my store;
 My heart had been a garden wild;
 Its summer now was o'er.

VI.

But when the Autumn comes again
 Shall naught to me be given?
 Shall I not know that I have placed
 A foot-print nearer heaven?
 Shall I look o'er my garden then
 And find its fair flowers dead?
 And Love and Faith with lifeless stalks
 On a forgotten bed?

VII.

Shall I behold the vine that HOPE
 Had taught to reach the sky,
 With withered leaves, and tendrils torn,
 Crushed on the earth to die?
 Shall I behold the lovely germ
 That PEACE had planted there,
 Choked up with weeds, while winds have cast
 Its petals on the air?

VIII.

Prayer shall be nurtured in the midst
 Of all my flowers so fair,
 And I will ask that angels bright
 May often linger there;
 For they will chide me when my hand
 Forgets the weeds of care;
 And their white wings shall shield my heart
 And keep its garden fair!

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

My childhood's prayer! — oh! not one flower
 But 'minds me of its purity;
 The lowliest daisy in the bower
 Brings back that gentle prayer to me,
 With all the joys of infancy.
 I never look upon a star,
 But that its radiance seems to be
 A beacon from the days afar,
 A memory of joys that were,
 All fleeting — but my childhood's prayer.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

OUR STREET.

I LIVE in one of the upper wards of the city — not very far up, either, say above the second belt of the island, Twenty-third street. My drawing-room windows look into a tract of vacant lots on the opposite side of the street.

It has afforded me not a few reflections on the mutability of human affairs, to watch the chances and changes this spot has undergone. Two years ago, it was a beautiful green meadow, carefully protected by a substantial fence, and now, by the mere progress of events, and without any particular design of any person, and apparently without human agency, it has become an uncommonly common common; in short, a 'howling wilderness.' One morning, I missed a plank from the fence; a few days later, the night having been severely cold, another plank disappeared. Doubtless some forlorn tea-kettle boiled stealthily that night by virtue of the larceny; or may-hap some poor devil slept on the soft side of the fugitive plank, and so had 'bed and board' together. At all events, one by one the parts of the fence dropped away, until the inclosure was as bare of fence as a prairie or a desert. Then the housemaids in the neighborhood discovered it was an admirable place to deposit their coal-ashes; this was soon followed by dirt-cartmen, occasionally digging and taking away a few loads of earth. The housemaids made a series of little mounds of ashes, and the cartmen digged little pits all over the ground, giving it quite a variegated appearance. Soon after, it was found to be a useful place for some builders in the neighborhood wherein to haul their rubbish from the street, and thus by imperceptible degrees it has become the common dumping-ground of the upper wards of the city. Indeed, there now seems to be a strife among the various members of the animal kingdom around these parts, which shall put it to the basest uses.

Well, why don't I abate the nuisance? Why don't I petition the Common Council to have the vacant lots fenced? That is just what I am about to tell you. I know something about the Common Council, and the fate of petitions of such obscure persons as myself. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*

I am a great enemy of dark streets; and although in favor of equal rights, I dislike *dark piers*. I like a shaded room, and a shaded light, and shady places, but I have a horror of dark streets. From childhood I have thrilled with horror at a thousand horrid outrages perpetrated under the protecting cover of the darkness of our streets. By constitution and association, and from early conviction, I have always been a stickler for well-lighted streets.

When I hired my house in ——— street, nearly three years ago, my first inquiry was:

‘Is the street lighted with gas?’

‘Well, not exactly; but it would be immediately; the gas was in the house, and consequently in the street; and there was nothing to be done but to set the posts, and this the Gas Company were always ready to do for the sake of supplying the gas; the street had just been built up, or the lamps would have been up before.’

This looked reasonable. Here was a new row of houses running down the whole street now just opened for occupancy, and there seemed to have been no particular necessity for the gas-lights in the street before this; and so, not, however, without some misgivings, I signed the documents and became owner of an estate for years in a house and lot in ——— street.

I took possession, and after I had got comfortably settled, and had waited a reasonable time, I began to look anxiously each day for the lamp-posts. Day after day, at the earliest dawn and the latest hour at night, I peered from my favorite windows to look for the lamp-posts and the gas-lamps. The street had been, once upon a time, lighted with oil, and some of the old posts remained. Occasionally some wag of a lamp-lighter would replenish some of these old and battered lamps, and light up on some very dark night. What a desperate time they had with those old oil-lamps! They looked like the flickering of dissipated fire-flies in summer, straggling staggering home near day-break, after a carouse. True they were suggestive of the ‘light of other days;’ but they gave no light; they kept it all themselves. You could, indeed, by an effort, see where *they* were, but it defied all your knowledge of street-latitude and longitude to tell where *you* were yourself. Wayfarers passing our street at night set up a sort of hollow whistle, like that practised by boys passing through a country church-yard at night. Indeed, these old spectral lamps looked more like phosphorescent vapor hanging over graves, than any mechanical attempt toward lighting the streets.

One very cold night, I was roused about an hour before day-break by a violent ringing at the street door-bell, and after getting up shivering, and hailing my unwelcome guest from an upper window, I learned that he had lost his way in the thick darkness, and seeing my night-lamp burning, and thinking ‘any port in a storm,’ had made a desperate lunge at my door-bell, in hopes of getting some information of his whereabouts. Frequently, my family were disturbed in the evening by thumping at our front-door, it being too dark to find the bell-pull, by persons in pursuit of information of the number of the house. Our friends could never find us in the evening. The street became the haunt of the noisiest of cats and dogs, and was avoided by the policemen as if it had been holy ground. One of our neighbors always forgot to shovel the snow and ice from his side-walk; and occasionally, in the dark, a limb would be broken, or a joint dislocated, by a passer-by. But the victim could not read my delinquent neighbor’s number or name in the thick darkness, and by day-light he would never know the place; and thus my neighbor escaped scot-free.

These things grieved me terribly. I fretted, and fumed, and were

myself to a thread, about the dark street. Still, I was so confident that each day would bring gas-lights, that I did not think of attempting to hasten it. Other streets, above us and on each side, by degrees were lighted; we escaped. Surely, our turn would come next. But it did not. And still other streets, more remote, were lighted, and we were left in Cimmerian darkness. Finally, it became a desperate matter, and I set about it seriously, to remedy the evil, and went to see the Gas Company. Great was my wrath! I prepared a short catalogue of the horrid accidents that had occurred mainly from their neglect of their own pecuniary interest, too, in not putting gas-lamps in the streets. Judge of my indignant surprise — it was not their business at all! I might have waited until doomsday for them to move; they had nothing to do with it; wished they had; the lamps would soon be up if it was their business! I must apply to the Inspector of Lamps and Gas!

I swallowed my rage, and went to see the Inspector of Lamps and Gas; and there learned that I must petition the Corporation. I petitioned the Corporation; all my neighbors signed the petition: we got our alderman to present the document. It was sent to a committee, and now, surely, thought I, we shall have the gas immediately. When I read in the morning-paper that the Common Council had heard our prayer, and sent it to a committee, I felt as though the thing was done. At night, I looked to see if the lamps were up, and then chided myself for my impatience. I went through this game for some days; then weeks passed, and I began to grow impatient. I instituted an inquiry at the City Hall, after the Committee and our petition, and learned the Committee had not yet 'sat upon it.' Heigho!

Well, I waited weeks longer, and then months; wrote to the Inspector of Lamps and Gas, scolded the Corporation Attorney, defamed the Chief of Police, made caricatures of the Mayor, and joined in the general hue-and-cry, in blowing up the City Government generally. All was unavailing. Winter passed away, and summer and winter, and summer again: the gas did not come. At length — long, however, after I had abandoned the project — the new Common Council went into office, or the old one went out, or the gas-company found us out and took the matter in hand, or the Committee became a stock-holder in the Gas Company, or somehow, one morning in February last, I was awakened earlier than usual by a sound in the street of men at work; and behold! the gas lamp-posts were actually being set! — and, after waiting about a month longer for the lanterns, and a month longer for the pipes to be made to connect, in the month of April, Anno DOMINI 1854, after a probation of upward of thirty months, — street was lighted with gas. And so ended my first and last petition to the Common Council.

‘INEXORABLE FATE.’

‘WITH equal foot, rich friend, impartial FATE
Knocks at the cottage and the palace-gate;
Life’s span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.’

A P O E T I C A L A U T O G R A P H L E T T E R .

THE gentleman whose name appears in the following lines, having frequently applied to the lady-writer, for an autograph letter written by her, she lately gratified him in the annexed lines.

INVOKING each spirit of earth and of air,
 For a subject before never thought on,
 And listening for rappings from table or chair,
 I address you, my dear Mr. LAUGHTON,
 Resolving at once, I will candidly own,
 To rely on my own mental forces,
 The marrow and pith of my thoughts to make known
 Without any wooden resources.
 I shall ask you a riddle: What 's this I have found?
 A treasure that ne'er will deceive me;
 That pleases all senses; and you, I'll be bound,
 When I tell you its name, will believe me.
 But ah! Sir, not yet will I make you so wise;
 You must guess, while I state its perfections;
 It has beauty, wit, grace; form, feature, lips, eyes!
 Do you guess? But there's more recollections:
 What is it which makes your best hopes still more bright?
 Your stubbornest whims to surrender?
 That covers your faults with its mantle of light,
 And makes your tough nature *quite* tender?
 Do you guess at my riddle? methinks in your glance
 A spirit there merrily glistens,
 Which without conjuration, or mesmeric trance,
 Takes in the whole truth while it listens.
 Yes, yes, my dear Sir, 't is your MARY I mean,
 The wife and the friend beyond prizing,
 Whose influence is felt like the star-light serene,
 Or wind from the violet rising.
 Long, long be it thus; and when old age shall come,
 May young *star-beams* and *zephyrs* still brighten your home;
 May your face have no wrinkles these two hundred years;
 Your bright eyes no dimness, no deafness your ears.
 The same to your wife, although I'm afraid
 That TIME, who so many old ladies hath made,
 Will ne'er let her pass without touch of his claw
 When wanting a bon-bon to stuff in his maw.
 With this horrible fantasy darkening my mood,
 I'm ashamed to write farther, and therefore conclude,
 Expecting no answer, at least, not until
 My merits appear by a clause in your will,
 Some few thousand dollars, house, horse, or piano,
 In proof of your friendship for MARY BALMANNO.

P. S. If these trifling objects for others you save,
 I'll accept e'en a 'gold-mine,' or small 'treasure-cave,'
 Where pirate Sultanas at ease have reclined,
 Curled their tresses in bank-notes, and left them behind.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

APHEILA, AND OTHER POEMS. By TWO COUSINS of the South, MISS JULIA PLEASANTS and THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY. In one volume: pp. 272. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WITH much that is not of a very high order of merit, this volume contains examples of very fair poetry. The defects are, mannerism, and a certain want of originality and vigor. And yet the work is a work of promise, and proves that the authors who sometimes write so well, are capable of even better things. As specimens of the writers' powers, we present a poem from each, which impressed us most favorably among the contents of the book. The first, '*Lines on receiving an Eagle's Plume,*' is by MISS PLEASANTS:

'An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
How bravely hath it battled back
The rolling clouds, the tempest's gloom,
And swept the sun's meridian track.
A thing of air, it proudly spurned
The earth-born storm, the levin's glare,
And like a thought, for ever turned,
In starward triumph, through the air.

'An eagle's plume! in wheeling flight,
Swift as a clarion's note it rose
From some untrodden mountain-height,
Of purple mists and shining snows.
And far across the desert sky,
It winnowed plains of azure dearth,
And bore the camel-bird on high,
A herald from the lowly earth.

'An eagle's plume! the skies grew dark,
But o'er the sea it fleetly sped,
The sea where many a gallant barque
Before the driving tempest fled.
And through the zenith, blue and gold,
It soared above the sulphurous cloud,
While fast the rushing waters rolled
O'er stem, and stern, and swelling shroud.

'An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
It burst through floods of fiery rain,
When culverin's crash and cannon's boom
Broke madly o'er the battle-plain:
A starry standard floated there,
Above its folds it quivering hung,
And loudly on the leaden air
The deafening shout of 'Victory!' rung.

'An eagle-plume, from FREEDOM's wing;
It skirts the hills of Northern Maine,
And bathes in every golden spring
On California's mountain chain.
It rises, like a glorious star,
Where wild Atlantic surges roar,
And flies, in swooping circles, far
Along the lone Pacific shore.

'An eagle's plume! would that my soul
Might burst as chainless and as free,
Above the stormy clouds, that roll
Across this life's tempestuous sea.
And oh! when Life's dark goal is won,
That it might spurn the vanquished tomb,
And soar beyond the flaming sun,
An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!'

'*A Sister's Reverie*' is by MR. BRADLEY. His efforts with a longer measure are very creditable, particularly *The Dream of Ponce de Leon*, in three 'parts,' but it is too long to quote entire. We cite the first-named:

'SAD vesper-bells! how sweet your chimes,
Thrilling my soul like poet's rhymes,
Sung low at tranquil even!

The light of childhood round me plays,
And Memory muses o'er the days
When earth seemed nearer heaven.
In younger years I often strayed
Where silver streams wreathed man a braid,
And there, subdued and still, I staid
To hear their waters sighing.
I would the sounds my spirit craves,
The dulcet sounds of rippling waves,
May float to me when dying.

'E'en now, I hear a gentle tone,
So soft, so clear, 't is music's own;
It stills my panting bosom!
My sister's voice! I've heard it ring
In green-wood bowers, when rosy Spring
With kisses oped the blossom.

'Then, ere mild evening's rays were flown,
Ere stars were o'er the blue arch strown,
How gay we culled young buds unblown,
To see them bloom the morrow!
Then Joy, the silver-cinctured maid,
With lovely eyes our hearts betrayed,
And smiled away each sorrow.

'And when the kingly crest of morn,
Upon his dappled courser borne,
Shone o'er the dark, dim mountains,
Like glad sun-shine, we sought for flowers,
And lowest laughter from our bowers
Flowed like the flow of fountains.

'Until the broad, blue blaze of noon,
Fond hours, that fled all too soon,
Softly glided as a tune
Heard when the moon-beams glimmer.
Alas! we were too young to know
That fairest cheeks soon lose their glow,
That brightest eyes grow dimmer.

'And when the summer's tardy hours
Brought rolling clouds like moving towers,
And swift, strong winds, and slanting showers,
And purple rain-bows arching;
While falling drops soft echoes gave,
We read old tales of heroes brave
To fields of valor marching.

'How often o'er the lake we sailed,
Ere twilight's varied colors paled,
The still, blue waters dyeing!
That lucid lake, how clear it seemed,
With undimmed depths where white shells gleamed,
Like pearls in beauty vying!

'My sister's face! I see it now,
As when she stooped low o'er the bow,
Her joyous eyes, her snowy brow,
Her unlooped tresses flowing!
When, strown with lilies, our fair boat
Slow o'er the crystal wave did float,
With kindly zephyrs blowing.

'Blest morns, bright noons, sweet evening hours,
And boat, all garlanded with flowers —
Again I'll see them never!
All, all are gone; my sister sleeps;
Death her dark-fringed eye-lids keeps
Closed o'er her orbs for ever!

('Ah! soon, his touch will heal my breast
Of sorrows, sighs, and sad unrest;
And then in funeral garments drest,
I'll cross the deep, cold river.
But oh! upon the other side
I know that radiant angels glide,
And golden sun-beams quiver.'

We shall have an eye upon these young cousins, as we doubt not they will upon one another; 'favorable eyes,' we fancy, too. This writing poetry in wedded authorship is dangerous business. It may lead to a matrimonial interest in the copy-right of the book, if 'women's-rights' are conceded.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER. In one volume: pp. 523. Boston: published by JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.

We are not at all surprised to learn that this work has met with extraordinary success, for it eminently deserves it. It is one of the most original and natural narratives we have encountered for many a year. Nothing could be more simple and unaffected than its delightful style; investing its incidents with an interest so deep, that it is impossible to lay aside the book until its perusal is accomplished. Let us glance briefly at the character of the story: 'GERTY' is an orphan, under the charge of an old hag, who ill-treats her in every possible way; and the only pleasure of the poor little child is to sit upon the door-steps at night-fall, and watch an old lamp-lighter as he comes along the street with his ladder and torch, to light the city-lamps. One night, he sees her shamefully abused by her mistress for a trifling accident, and kindly gives her a little kitten to solace her grief. Her devotion to this pet is admirably described:

'How much she came in time to love that kitten, no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto only expressed itself in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and even hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection yet unstirred, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object to expend themselves upon.

'So she poured out such wealth of love on the little creature that clung to her for its support, as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble and anxiety it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her own favorite haunt. She found an old hat, in which she placed her own hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her own scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself; for she almost every day abstracted from the kettle, when she was returning with the milk for NAN GRANT, enough for pussy's supper; running the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk or harm the poor, ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft and deception; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. So she would play with her kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But when the days were very cold, she was often puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out-of-doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into the little garret-room where she slept; and, taking care to keep the door shut, usually eluded NAN's eyes and ears. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once, NAN drove it out with a broom; but in that thickly-peopled region, as we have said, cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.'

This little kitten, so loved and so tended, the cruel old wretch, in a

moment of ungovernable passion, throws into a tub of boiling water, and scalds it to death. 'GERRY' resents this cruelty with a violence that causes her to be turned out of the house. Previous to this, however, let us quote a pretty child-sketch:

'WHEN GERRY first found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret, (GERRY hated and feared the dark,) she stood for a minute perfectly still; then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted: 'I hate you, NAN GRANT! Old NAN GRANT, I hate you!' But no body came near her; and, after a while, she grew more quiet, went and threw herself down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. She wept until she was utterly exhausted; and then, gradually, with only now and then a low sob and catching of the breath, she grew quite still. By-and-by, she took away her hands from her face, clasped them together in a convulsive manner, and looked up at a little glazed window by the side of the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together, and was the only chance of light the room had. There was no moon; but, as GERRY looked up, she saw through the window, shining down upon her, *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen any thing half so beautiful. She had often been out-of-doors when the sky was full of stars, and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; it seemed to say, 'GERRY! GERRY! *poor* little GERRY!' She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long time ago seen or dreamed about. Suddenly it flashed through her mind, 'Who lit it? Some body lit it! Some good person, I know! Oh! how could he get up so high?' And GERRY fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

'Poor, little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one! CHRIST died for thee. Will he not send man or angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity?'

Uncle TRUE, the 'lamp-lighter' of the story, finds her, on the bitter night in which she was turned out of doors, homeless and suffering with hunger and cold; and although old, and alone in the world, he takes her to his desolate home; where, with such care as himself and a female neighbor, assisted by 'good blind Lady EMILY,' an admirable character, she is taught to know right from wrong. The death of her first friend, 'Uncle TRUE,' and her grief at his loss, are most pathetically depicted. She is however adopted by a noble spirit, who proves a 'friend indeed.' The joy she brings to the poor, blind girl, whose spirit is so pure and holy; the separation from her little friend WILLIE, who goes to India, that he may secure the means of supporting his mother and grand-mother in comfort; the determined, self-sacrificing spirit in which she leaves a luxurious home, to aid, by school-teaching, in supporting WILLIE's mother and grand-father, who is rapidly passing away; all these will attract the admiration of every reader. Nor will the kind-hearted, fun-loving Dr. JEREMY, or the quaint and original PATTY PACE, whose very costume describes her character, fail to receive high commendation. The plot is well-sustained, and every character is a finished portrait. Very artist-like are the pictures drawn of the scenery of our glorious Hudson, in the description of a visit to Saratoga. The burning of the HENRY CLAY, and the thrilling incidents it involves in the story, are written with great beauty and power. Here the reader is afforded a faithful picture of what a true woman can and will do for those whom she loves. This is not a *skip-able* book. You will read it all — every word of it; and you will rise from its perusal with a purer and more elevated idea of human nature. 'Run like a lamp-lighter' to the first accessible book-store, and purchase the work. You will never regret it.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER. In two volumes: pp. 751. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THE readers of this Magazine are no strangers to the high poetical merits of the author of these volumes; for Mr. HOSMER has for a long series of years been an ever-welcome and favorite contributor to its pages. Much, indeed, of the poetry which goes to make up these two very handsome volumes has been widely copied from the KNICKERBOCKER into the journals of the Union, and not a few of the briefer effusions into those of Great Britain. And of the more extended efforts, which have appeared elsewhere, and republished, have been reviewed in our pages. Of the longest of these, '*Yonnonndio*,' we have already 'said our say.' It is a noble poem, descriptive of events which happened in the valley of the Genessee, during the summer and autumn of 1687; of the memorable attempt of the Marquis DE NOUVILLE, under pretext of preventing an interruption of the French trade, to plant the standard of Louis the Fourteenth in the beautiful country of the Senecas. '*The Months*,' on their appearance from the press of MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED and FIELDS, were reviewed in this department. In his preface to the '*Poems relating to the Indians*,' Mr. HOSMER thus replies to the objection sometimes made, that it is impossible to invest the character of the Indian with the charms of poetry, and that the theme itself is unpoetical:

'In this age, there seem to be two schools of poetry in vogue: one which is content, not disdaining the old and admired masters of the art, like them to look for its objects and imagery in the many-leaved book of nature, and in a study of that restless thing, the human heart. The other, its admirers would fain make us believe, wings its way into a higher atmosphere of song:

'Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth:'

and when it condescends to alight again, brings with it ethereal visions, unsuited to the grosser comprehension of mortals. 'These mystical wise men,' says old WILSON, in his *Art of Rhetoric*, 'will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness.' To poets of this description, who have no archetype, unless it is in the metaphysical school, made so renowned by the merited chastisement which it received from the pen of Dr. Johnson, the wild American, that Columbus found 'begirt with feathered cincture,' with no instructor but the Great Spirit, and uninitiated in the mysteries of atheistical philosophy, is no fit subject for the lyre. To another class, both of poets and readers, whose tastes and judgment are formed upon quite a different model, no object in 'this breathing world' affords such rich and varied attractions for the magic pencil of the muse as the primitive inhabitant of the forest.

'They behold a being exhibiting in the wild independence of his native retreats all the prominent passions and affections of which human nature is susceptible, in their most vivid expression, nerving him into action and gravating themselves indelibly on the features of his face; a being of matchless grace and beauty, standing 'in nearer kindred' than themselves 'to the elements'; rivalling the shaggy denizens of the woods around him in their respective qualities of physical superiority: the elk in fleetness; the panther in agility; the fox in cunning; the hawk in watchfulness; the beaver in wisdom; and the gaunt wolf in endurance of cold and pinching hunger; with an intellect quick, clear, and strong, and speaking a language that can imitate every vibration of Nature's harp, abounding in metaphor, pleasing the ear by its euphony, and which the muses themselves would utter, were they upon the earth. In our own 'Land of Lakes,' as the region, now imperial New-York, was styled by the Aborigines, the features of external nature, though picturesque, receive an added charm from their association with Indian dialects. Every river, fall, cloud-kissing hill, wooded point, indented bay, and wave-zoned isle, bear names, conferred long ago, by their former proprietors, whose signification is poetry, and whose true accentuation is the richest music. How descriptive and melodious are the following: Ta-ha-wus, a high peak, (he

splits the sky;) Kos-kong-sha-di, a cascade near the sources of the Hudson, (broken water;) Tey-yu-syo-wa, (stream among the bass-woods.)

'Though migratory in his habits, how strong and soul-rooted are his local attachments! The graves of his ancestors are as precious to him as they were to the dying patriarch who, making a last request to his son, exclaimed, with a torrent of old recollections rushing on his heart, 'Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt, but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burial-place.' The prayer of the Hebrew was granted; but the poor Indian's cry, 'Bury me with my fathers!' is drowned by the crash of the falling forest, and the roar of advancing multitudes.

'The clannish feeling that burns in the breast of the kilted Highlander has a home also in his proud, impulsive heart. In common with the former, his hereditary animosities are quelled only by death; and as dear to him were the groves of his childhood, as the heather to Rob Roy.

'There are other considerations why the red man is worthy of lyric celebrity. The mystery that hangs, like a brooding shadow, over his origin; his marvelous religious ceremonies, the feast, the dance; his sagacity in the chase, and on the war-path; his self-reliance in adversity and extreme peril; his dauntless bearing at the stake, his song of defiance, and the stirring incidents, without number, which chequer his roving life, render him the highest conceivable object for artistic use; the very centre of poetical attraction; and which even determined Pope, at one time, to make him the subject of his polished verse.'

This is well and forcibly put; but our friend has a better argument. He has *proved*, by his own numerous and beautiful legends, that Indian characters and traditions are full of poetry, and that of a high order. Having plundered and robbed the 'red man of the woods' until there is nothing left for us to steal, we might at least concede that there is something about them worthy of record; something not unfitted for the poet's muse. From '*The Months*,' we give the lines to '*May*,' being not only timely, but picturesque and beautiful:

'Airs from the clear south-west have borne

A fairy hither on their wings,
And pining grief forgets to mourn,
Transported by the psalm she sings.
Pale WAND, in ragged, thin attire,
Who found no faggot for his fire
When howled the wintry storm,
Quitting his desolate retreats,
Looks forth, and with a blessing greets
The sun-light free and warm.

'The deep, orchestral wood gives ear,
Thrilled to its heart by joyous song;
And in the laughing fields I hear
Old voices that were silent long;
In a rich suit of gold and black,
The Oriole hath wandered back,
To weave her hammock light;
And the brown thrush, a mimic wild,
For many weary moons exiled,
From bough to bough takes flight.

'A sea of verdure over-spreads
The rushy banks of pond and cove,
And wild-flowers lift their jeweled beads,
Frail, air-swung censers of the grove.
Tall blue-bells, in my wood-land walks,
Nod gracefully their leafy stalks,
In welcoming to me;
With luscious wine, by Night distilled,
Their cups, to overflowing filled,
Allure the gauze-winged bee.

'The rose-lipped shell on ocean's beach
Hath less of beauty in its hue
Than fragrant blossoms of the peach,
That twinkle, diamonded with dew;
The cherry lifts its snowy crest;

In white the plum and pear are dressed,
Diffusing odor round;
Detached, in orchards, by the breeze,
The painted drapery of the trees
Falls, carpeting the ground.

'Our sires thronged forth from cot and hall
When, sooty and grotesque of look,
Round May-poles, garlanded and tall,
His bells the morris-dancer shook:
By loyal hands a queen was crowned,
And manly pastime labor found,
While cloth-yard shafts were drawn;
With laughing sky and festal earth
Comported well that scene of mirth
Upon the daisied lawn.

'The merry-making games of old
Unlocked the portals of the heart,
And rarely man his honor sold
For booty in the crowded mart;
When WOE appealed to WEALTH for food,
He owned the tie of brotherhood,
Giving without disdain;
A generous valor warmed the soul
Where love of country held control,
Not low desire for gain.

'Capricious APRIL sighed away
His perfumed breath with closing eyes,
And leaving crown and realm to MAY,
Within a grave of beauty lies.
SHELLEY, if living, would declare
A tenement of rest so fair,
Undarkened by a cloud,
In love with death would wanderer make,
And in his heart enamored wake
A yearning for the shroud.

'Bright drops on floral cup and bell,
 When breaks the first fair mora of May,
 No longer, blest by fairy spell,
 Can charm the freckled mole away;
 But, ah! this season of delight
 Hath magic yet to make more bright
 The tomb-stone of the Past;
 And MEMORY 'a-Maying' goes,
 Reviving many a withered rose,
 In gardens dim and vast.

'Called by the flowery Queen of Spring,
 Dispensing bliss without alloy,
 The sportive insect-tribes take wing,
 And Nature's holiday enjoy:
 Oh! not in gaudy trappings clad,

Alone the proud and mighty glad
 At her bright court are made;
 Alike upon the great and small
 Her royal favors freely fall —
 Her sun-shine and her shade.

'Thou art the MAY of other hours;
 Undimmed thy locks of golden sheen;
 And still, with dandelion-flowers,
 Is starred thy plaid of living green;
 But time, alas! in me hath wrought
 Dread changes, both in form and thought,
 Since boyhood's blissful time,
 When, lulled by bird and running stream,
 I couched me on thy flowers, to dream
 Of Heaven's unshadowed clime.'

Right well pleased should we be, did our crowded limits permit, to present specimens of Mr. HOSMER's genius from the other poems contained in this well-edited collection. They are embraced under the divisions of 'Historic Scenes,' 'Martial Lyrics,' 'Songs and Ballads,' 'Funeral Echoes,' 'Sonnets,' and 'Miscellaneous Poems.' We must content ourselves, however, by warmly commending the volumes to the hearty favor of the public. They contain a great amount of true poetry, and they are thoroughly American and original. The publisher has performed his part with his accustomed liberality and good taste; and the work is rendered still farther attractive by an excellent portrait of the author, engraved on steel. As our departed friend INMAN has said elsewhere, it is 'a screeching likeness.'

MINNIE HERMON: or the Night and its Morning. A Tale for the Times. By THURLOW W. BROWN. In one volume: pp. 472. Auburn and Buffalo: MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN.

'MINNIE HERMON' was commenced two years ago, in the '*American Temperance Magazine*,' but abandoned by the author in consequence of more pressing duties. The writer declares that every chapter in the book is drawn from life, with the necessary change of names and dates. The style is *level*, not being sufficiently marked either to rise above or sink below a very moderate standard. Some how or other, our temperance-writers fail to aid the noble cause they espouse, by oft-repeated tales, all of which have a family resemblance so strong that when you have read one, you have read all. It is the same thing over and over again; the variations being only less or additional platitudes interpolated into the 'same old story.' There are some good sketches of character in 'MINNIE HERMON,' and among them one of a cast-iron religious bigot, more common when we were a boy than in this more liberal and enlightened age. We present the portrait of 'Elder SNYDER,' that his like, if recognized any where, by any of our readers, may be duly despised:

'No, I'll not forgive him. He's a wilful boy, and has disobeyed me thrice in this matter. He has shown himself a child of the devil, and he must go out. He is no son of mine, and this is his home no longer!'

'Nay, WILLIAM,' pleaded the tearful wife, 'he is our only child. Do not turn him away, but forgive him. He is wayward, but not vicious. Years and kindness will cool

his fiery nature, and he will be a blessing in our old age. God will not leave him; we must not. The act may be his ruin, and plant sorrow in our old hearts for life. Our SAVIOUR was forgiving, WILLIAM,' and the earnest woman laid her hand gently on the arm of the stern man before her, 'and should we not bear longer with the only one now left us?'

'Tempt me not, woman! Your mother's heart clings wickedly to an unworthy idol. The boy has wandered from the fold and our hearth-side, and sought intercourse with the ungodly. He is lost, but God's will be done. I must not shrink; for we read that if the eye offend, we must pluck it out. ALFRED is determined to inflict disgrace upon us and the church. His mouth is filled with cursings, and his heart with disobedience, and I can harbor him no more.'

'But if the prodigal should return,' continued the now weeping mother, 'you surely would welcome him to our home?'

'Enough of this, MARY; it is wrong to repine. It is ordered that our child should be cast out from among the righteous, and it is ours to submit.'

The angel-hearted mother would have still plead for her wayward boy, but she looked in the face of the stern, tearless father, and with a quivering lip turned away to weep as only a mother weeps, and left that frowning man to walk his study with a firm tread and a compressed lip.

Elder SNYDER was a Christian of iron mould. No penance-doing monk was ever more exact and rigid in the performance of his religious duties, and more unforgiving toward the wayward and ungodly. He looked upon the least sin with no degree of allowance, and felt it a solemn duty to heap the fiercest condemnation upon all who did not square by his standard of faith. His was a cast-iron creed, unyielding and unforgiving. He was once a persecutor of the saints; but now a minister of the gospel, who dealt only in the fierce, red imagery of hell and its torments, in his Sabbath ministrations. He never spoke of the love of the child-like SAVIOUR, nor wept as that SAVIOUR wept; never forgave as that SAVIOUR forgave. He never smiled; but, cold, passionless, and stern, stood like an angel with a flaming sword, to drive out the erring for ever; never, like the meek REDEEMER, to forgive and pardon on the cross, and welcome to heaven the praying and penitent thief. He was ever dark and forbidding, and his sermons were ever woven with the sombre texture of eternal wrath. The mild, winning light of our blessed religion never warmed or irradiated his dark nature. He esteemed joy and laughter a sin, and passed among his people with a countenance as rigid and unbending as though no heart throbbed beneath that stolid surface.

Such was the father of ALFRED SNYDER, for whom the mother plead in the beginning of this chapter. The young looked upon him with awe, but not with love and veneration. There was nothing in his manner or conversation to win the affection of the youth, or to attract them toward him. From the ball-play or the ring he turned away with a frown and a sigh. His prayers were ever of a chilling solemnity, and breathed only denunciations against the impenitent. And in the chamber of the dying, he never wore that smile of hope and faith, which burns like a beacon above the silent wastes of a shoreless ocean. Childhood shrunk away in whispers from that cloudy brow, and hushed the laughter of its joys.

We need not detail the history of an education at such a hearth, and by such a teacher. His treatment of his family chilled every warm impulse of his children, and taught them that all earthly joy was a sin. All but one of his children had passed away, but the iron man never wept; it would have been sinful to have wept over the providence of God!

And so the mother wept alone in her heart and chamber over the wasting of her idols.

Thus ALFRED SNYDER grew up to early manhood, looking upon his home as a prison-house, and his father as a stern, hard keeper, and upon the world as a bright realm which lured him to pleasures he could not enjoy. Even the most innocent amusements of childhood were denied him. The tide of young life's buoyancy was frowned back to its fountain, where its pent-up strength struggled against the unnatural and unreasonable restraint. The Bible and the catechism were the only books; the rod, the devil, and perdition, the only motives in life. The result of such a system of training upon a fiery nature, need not be told. ALFRED inherited all his father's firmness, with the buoyant, sunny nature of the mother. His heart was full of the sunshine of life, and of the nobility of manhood. He turned kindly to every one, and eagerly sought the pleasant associations of youth. He was frank, impulsive, and generous; and from a cold and uncongenial home, turned involuntarily to catch the sun-shine he found not at his own hearth-side. Thus, step by step, without dreaming of wrong, he crossed the first circles of youthful pleasure. Instead of striving to make home pleasant, and to blend instruction with amusement, the father was harshly stern and unforgiving.

This 'pious' elder beats his son, drives him from his home, is cruel to his mother, but at the same time 'keeps clean the outside of the platter,' and is

considered an 'exemplary' Christian. Whip us *such* 'Christianity!' In the foregoing extract, we have given what strikes us as the best specimen of 'composition' in the book; and with this 'act of justice,' we take our leave of it.

CRYSTALLINE, OR THE HEIRESS OF FALL-DOWN CASTLE. A Romance. By F. W. SHELTON, Author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon,' 'Rector of St. Bardolph's,' etc. In one volume: pp. 250. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

A PURELY imaginative and very charmingly-written romance is 'CRYSTALLINE.' It will enhance the already high reputation of its author. We have followed the little heroine through all her reverses and triumphs, with unabated interest; but it is not our purpose to let the reader into her secrets. We prefer that he should gather them from the book itself; and if, when he arrives at the end, he ascertains that the closing incident has been employed before, he will nevertheless find that *genius* has clothed the story with unwonted charms. The style is singularly graceful and winning; in proof of which we quote a single passage, all, unfortunately, for which we can find present space:

'IN CRYSTALLINE there was a remarkably developed sentiment in one so young. She had an affection, and that of the tenderest kind, which engrossed her thoughts, and imparted a certain hue to all her conduct. Nay, it might have been the secret influence so impressing her, as to have excited a just alarm in the breast of those to whom she was dear. Perhaps you may not understand the idea exactly, but if I refer to an erotic tendency, even that is not a thing unknown at such a tender age. But this has no reference to the subject. A holier feeling, perhaps the less unusual, but still true, had taken possession of her mind, and actuated her from day to day, wherever her steps were turned; and this had sprung up without fostering, without observation, like a true instinct of the soul. In the ancient tower of the castle she had a furnished apartment of her own, to which she was wont to retire at will; a place, by reason of its solitude and desolate situation, entered by no intruding step, and where she kept those treasures which children sacredly preserve. But if you had privilege to enter there, it looked like no baby-house of a little girl. Its walls were hung with needle-work, and many specimens of the art of delicate embroidery which were made long ago, with blistered pictures rescued from some old garret, but precious still, with many fanciful lists of ancient tapestry, scissored out around the spots where the moths had made great havoc; while on a high and slender toilet-table, covered with purest and finest linen, was placed the Word of God.

'Oh! consecrated tower!—if ever a spirit hovered around that ancient castle, it seemed to dwell there still among the ruins. Into the windows the vines insinuated their green tendrils, and birds built their nests about it, and oft-times voluntarily engaged themselves in the little room. It was a lovely spot after you had once reached it by the fatiguing stairs; for underneath, the river glided, and the vale wound between the lofty mountains, and over a thousand acres, without an intervening fence or hedge, the wheat waved. Far beyond, you could behold the sea and its white-capped breakers, and the sails of ships ploughing the deep; for this chamber was in the uppermost part of the tower. The lower rooms were occupied by the farmer and his wife. CRYSTALLINE had among her treasures a little cabinet of rose-wood, kept sacredly locked, and it contained a miniature of ivory, set in a plate of gold. Sometimes she would gaze upon it for hours in silence, and seemed to pass into another world; and then she would pass to that part of the castle where the chapel had once been, and stand till poor ANNETTE was sent to call her home. And this was the picture of little RALPH, her brother, who died before she was born, and who was buried in the vault beneath the chapel, a ruin among ruins. It indicated a peculiar organization to have formed an attachment so intense for one whom she had never seen, never known, and the impress of whose moral features had not been made. She did not love the memory of her brother; that could not well be: she loved her brother. For her he had never died; and she had developed by degrees an imaginary form and character suitable to those lineaments on which she loved to gaze. He was, in fact, her play-mate, her companion, the co-occupant of her tower, her twin-spirit, growing up together with her, linked to her by some angelic

bond. Her smiles were reflected from his, her gladness was borrowed from another sphere; in the grove and in the garden, she walked together with him. Yet how account for this, when the knight never opened his lips about his son? only the mother, when she showed the picture to CRYSTALLINE, had only told her that she had a little brother in the skies. But the manner of his death she mentioned not; she made no allusion to the curtain of blood. From the moment that she possessed this knowledge, CRYSTALLINE was like a child who goes through winding allies and walks, seeking diligently for her play-mate, and calling him often by name; until at last by the hyacinthine borders, she finds him with exceeding joy, and they wander ever after through the sweet garden, hand-in-hand. Enshrined in his transparent form, and finding purity on earth, this heavenly messenger, if such he were, must have dearly loved his mortal sister. For in her eyes beamed forth the calm expression of requited passion; a passion such as common lovers never know.'

We commend 'CRYSTALLINE' to all our readers, 'here, there, and elsewhere,' as a little work whose purity of style and diversity of incident will amply reward perusal.

THE SAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS. By PETER MARK ROGET, Author of the 'Bridgewater Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology,' etc. Revised and edited by BARNABAS SEARS, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. In one volume: pp. 468. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

If the reader has ever sat and scratched his head in the vain pursuit of a word which should be the synonym of some other, and so avoid that unpleasing feature in literary composition, repetition, he will welcome the volume before us as a work which supplies a very important desideratum. It is the first work of its kind that has appeared in the history of our language, and in the completeness of its plan, and the fullness of its details, leaves little to be desired. The American editor does not claim too much for it when he remarks, that it may be taken up advantageously by the student of English composition as an ample vocabulary, furnished for his especial use. 'The body of our noble language is, in this invaluable manual, anatomized, as it were, and distributed, not under any merely philological arrangement, connected with the mechanism and structure of language, but classified by the wants of the mind, with reference to the purposes of expression, and the actual demands of written or oral communication.' The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is simply to explain the meaning of words; the object of the volume under notice, however, is exactly the converse of this; the idea being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. For this purpose, the words and phrases of the language are classed, not according to their sound or their orthography, but strictly according to their signification. It is to those who are struggling with the difficulties of composition, that the work before us holds out a helping hand. 'The assistance it gives is that of furnishing on every topic, a copious store of words and phrases, adapted to express all the recognizable shades and modifications of the general idea under which those words and phrases are arranged. The inquirer can readily select, out of the ample collection spread before his eyes, those expressions which are best suited to his purpose, and which might not have occurred to him without such assistance. In order to make this selection, he scarcely ever need engage in any critical or elaborate study of the subtle distinctions existing

between synonymous terms; for if the materials set before him be sufficiently abundant, an instinctive tact will rarely fail to lead him to the proper choice.' The matter is clearly classified and arranged, and the work carefully printed.

A HISTORY OF ILLINOIS, from its Commencement as a State in 1814, to 1847. Containing a full account of the BLACK-HAWK War, the Rise, Progress, and Fall of Mormonism, the ALTON and LOVEJOY Riots, and other important and interesting events. By the late Gov. THOMAS FORD. Chicago: S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

THIS volume is introduced to the public by Gen. JAMES SHIELDS, who informs us that the author resided in Illinois more than forty years. After practising the legal profession for a considerable period, he was elected an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and discharged the duties of that responsible station with distinguished ability. He was then chosen Governor, served in that capacity four years, retired to private life, and died in 1850, leaving this History to be published for the benefit of his orphan children. It will be seen from these statements, that Gov. FORD enjoyed rare facilities for the preparation of his work, and it is not surprising that it should be one of absorbing interest.

The reader will be greatly amused with the account of those non-committal judges who presided in the earlier days of Illinois. To avoid giving offence to either party, they left every thing to the jury without comment or instruction, unless expressly called for. This trait of judicial character is amusingly displayed in the following passage:

'I KNEW one judge, who presided at a court in which a man named GREEN was convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him, and said to him: 'MR. GREEN, the jury in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you, and all your friends down on Indian Creek, to know that it is not I who condemn you, but it is the jury and the law. MR. GREEN, the law allows you time for preparation, and so the Court wants to know what time you would like to be hung?' To this, the prisoner replied: 'May it please the Court, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul: my preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the Court may appoint.' The judge then said: 'MR. GREEN, you must know that it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man more than once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get: the Court will give you until this day four weeks. MR. CLERK, look at the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday.' The clerk looked at the almanac, as directed, and reported that 'that day four weeks came on Thursday.' The judge then said: 'MR. GREEN, the Court gives you until this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung.' The case was prosecuted by JAMES TURNER, Esq., the Attorney-General of the State, who here interposed, and said: 'May it please the Court, on solemn occasions like the present, when the life of a human being is to be sentenced away for crime, by an earthly tribunal, it is usual and proper for Courts to pronounce a formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, a sense of his guilt impressed upon his conscience, and in which the prisoner should be duly exhorted to repentance, and warned against the judgment in a world to come.' To this, the judge replied: 'Oh! MR. TURNER, MR. GREEN understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month. He knows he has got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it in that way, MR. GREEN, don't you?' 'Yes,' said the prisoner; upon which the judge ordered him to be remanded to jail, and the Court then adjourned.'

The book is neatly got up, and was appropriately published in Illinois. We have seen no history of any of the newer States, that possesses more *matériel* for an entertaining work, or that was more deftly put together.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Down the River, March, 1854.

'MARCH!—The 'moneth' of March in this climate is most trying to the tempers and constitutions of men. I think that it is, without exception, the most dreary season of the whole year. Every artificial appliance which people who are 'well-to-do' in the world can command, is necessary in order to modify its disagreeable character, and make it pass away with any degree of comfort. Tight houses, double windows, Liverpool and Anthracite furnaces, steam-pipes, flannels, cloaks, over-coats, shawls, gloves, mittens, clogs, etc., are most needed at the very time when you have been tempted to dispense with their use. It wants the sharp and stinging atmosphere of winter which makes the spirits brisk, and arouses all the physical energies to meet it. It has its snow-flakes, but they are soft and melting, not dry, and crystalline, and creaking. The merry sleigh-bells are no more hung about the necks of horses, nor do the latter neigh and squeal like blooded colts, as in the exhilarating air of Januarius. In the country, all the gutters run, the slush penetrates the pores of the finest leather, and rises above the uncomfortable gum-shoes which cling to the feet. The mud is ankle-deep. Woe be to him whose daily walk is over the red clay of the 'Jarsies,' which sucks off the shoes of horses, however well the blacksmith has nailed them down! Woe be to him whose habitation is on a romantic hill-top in one of the river-towns! I paid a visit, on invitation, to my friend C —, who lives in an elevated position, selected with a choice taste, for its commanding view of the Hudson, and the opposite Palisadoes.

'It was toward evening, when, in company of a timid woman, we entered a vehicle which had seen hard usage, and commenced an ascent which, for half a mile, brought back a forcible remembrance of the terrors of Mount Blanc, or, to say the least, of the dreadful post-roads over the Alleghany mountains. It required an artistic dodging to keep the carriage in balance. It groaned painfully, the driver rolled upon his seat, the horses strained their muscles to the utmost, and more than once, as the wheels sank deeply in some hidden gully, we were fain to clench our fists spasmodically at the speedy prospect of being sepulchred in mud. Arrived at the top of the hill in safety, we alight, while JEHU, whose abilities had been taxed to the very

utmost, remarked that the man who would build a house in such a place, was worthy of a residence in Sing-Sing prison:

‘Ах! few can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.’

It was as a preliminary exercise and training of the limbs, no doubt, in the noble race of ambition, that my friend has fixed his temporary abode as high as Crow's nest. After we had got up, and got in, and became refreshed, and warmed, and hung up our votive chaplets, what was my surprise to hear him propose that we should presently descend again into the valley to attend a lecture at a country lyceum! Moreover, a thick fog began to distil in copious rain. The feat was resolved upon, but it looked like one of unparalleled rashness; and what motive could there be to make so tremendous an effort? Were not lectures a drug in the market? Was there any prospect of being treated to a single novel or original idea? None, whatever. Still it is necessary to stand by and encourage associations of the kind. We moved onward in single file, four in number. C —— held the lantern, and swayed it around, so as to illuminate a tolerable circumference, leaping from tuft to tuft, from log to log, and from rock to rock, and from ditch to ditch. We followed suit. At last we reach the low-lands, where muck and mud still abound.

‘But after all, the city, with its paved streets and municipal regulations, is not a whit better off in this respect. The little sweepers who, with bare legs, ply their brooms at the crossings, and stretch their supplicating palms for pennies, alone mimic the laborious HERCULES, who could perform the job of cleansing such an Augean stable. The metropolitan mud is, moreover, a most filthy compound, which no chemist could analyze, except into its constituent parts of decayed potatoes and vegetable things. The multitude of smells which lurk therein or hover around the sepulchral heaps raised up jocosely to the memory of some luckless functionary, are destitute of names or parentage. No one can find out what begat them, or whence they came, except that they are denizens of the city.

‘Hope is soon dashed by despair in this treacherous month. Warm and genially the sun shines for a few days, the skies are blue, and the streets are thronged by gay pedestrians, and in the exhilaration of the feelings produced by such a change, we begin to say, ‘The winter is past, the rain is over and gone.’ Presently, from snow-mountains comes on a violent and most exasperating easterly wind, cutting you to the bone with a far sharper severity than the still, zeronian cold which we might think intolerable, and howling over the earth for a week incessantly, carrying with it, through the streets and thoroughfares, clouds of dust which destroy the clothes, fill the eyes, nose, and mouth with grit, and penetrate the pores like the fine particles swept along by the simoon or the sirocco. You put your head down like a camel in the desert, and in the corner of a street you stand to strengthen your position, as a ship casts anchor in a gale. In the broad avenues you see the yellow, murky cloud advancing, and turning your back as an obstacle, it wheels around you, and, separated into columns, rolls on till it shall meet some other barrier. Arrived at home, you must change every particle of dress upon you. Your linen is unfit to be seen; your cloth must be thrashed

and beaten ; and to get your face and hands clean, and make your finger-nails irreproachable, and your locks free from powder, is the work of one good hour. That being done, your temper, which has become peevish and irritable, is perhaps soothed down by the very nature of cleanliness, to a more amicable and Christian condition.

'Small elements these, however, in the character of our martial friend. On his furious wings he carries the sleet and peppering hail ; and if he does not whiten the earth again with immaculate snows, he gives you 'slush' in abundance, (*slush*, which the very name expresses,) a little softer than mud, and a little thicker than molasses, but at the same time, as it is mostly made in winter, somewhat colder than either. This slush does not bring into play that judgment and careful foresight required in the process which we call 'picking one's steps.' In a muddy region, by pausing a moment and looking before, you find a chip, a stone, an elevated ridge, a dry spot whereon you may leap, and so get over a nasty spot to the opposite brink without having your boots soiled. But the surface of slush is a dead level, almost as much so as that of water. There is no choice to be exercised in crossing, but all you have to do is to pull up your pantaloons, if you are a man, or your skirts, if you are a woman, fix your eyes on the distant shores, and cross the ford in the quickest time possible. Take your course in a direct line. Whether you go ankle-deep, or knee-deep, is immaterial, or at least doubtful. Your business is to get over.

'When sleet has been dashing against your windows all night, you fancy that the wind will veer about, and that the next morning will bring a change of weather. You are not wrong in that supposition, although you may be disappointed in a hopeful augury. When the day dawns, it will not be known to you, unless you creep out of your bed at mid-night, ascend the house-top, and carefully wait for its first beams, like a watchman from his tower. If you remain snoozing, you may not be aroused except by the tintinnabulations of the most clamorous breakfast-bell. As to a change of wind, there is none, except that apparently there is no wind. In whatever direction its impalpable current may sweep would not be indicated by the most downy feather. A dense fog, such as might come from a smouldering forest, rests upon land and sea. You can almost smell the smoke, and could not see the face of your best friend so far as you could pitch a barley-corn from your thumb-nail :

' 'FAR as a little candle casts its rays,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

Thus speaks the great bard, but an heroic action would stand little chance of admiration if it shone before men through such a medium, which is impenetrable by the most vivid light. Gases are surrounded by short-going rays, extending no farther than the spokes of a wheel. Boats and barges move about stealthily in the river, jostle one another, or, in spite of the scrutiny of pilots, ran butt against the wharves. The most accomplished PALINURUS is as good as stone-blind. The overhanging vapor remains all day, and the perpetual sound of dripping is heard from the eaves ; but at mid-night, if awake, perhaps you will once more hear the easterly winds howling with such ferocity as to tear the slate or shingles from the roof, and presently

comes solemnly booming on the ear the sounds of the great bells in the iron towers: 'ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—FIVE. FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

'No articulate voice is more intelligible, or more quickly caught by the sharp ear. In short, all the elements practice their greatest mischief, singly and combined. The little sparks which lie among the ashes, pretending dead, rise up with dazzling wings, and with the swiftness of electric fire, flit off to some ambitious roof. They wake when all the city is asleep, and court the wafting winds, rebound against the asbestos spots, and couch themselves in nests of shavings, or dodge among the sticks of pitchy pine. Their treatment is like that which men receive—respected not for their essential principle; treated, it may be, with profound contempt as merely sparks; but looked upon as powerful despots, when they have reached the magnitude of flames.

'Toward the end of the month, after a long interregnum, when the winds have 'cracked their cheeks,' come two or three genial days again, and the peach-buds grow plump, and the pink-blossoms begin to show themselves. Better for those who love the pulp of fruits and luscious juices, if they would stay behind, else they will turn black, and fall to the ground, when the ponds are glazed with thin ice in the nones of April, and the markets will be impoverished, and the tables will want the ruddy cheek of Peach to blend with golden pears and purple grapes in autumn. But if all this is in a complaining mood, what puts a man in a more unenviable humor than in an exacerbating, easterly wind, to have his hat rudely knocked from off his brows and rolled away, defying all his speed to overtake it, until it lodges in a filthy gutter, or is crushed beneath a cumbrous wheel, and all the while spectators watch the race with outright laughter, or with smiles unmannerly?

'All sorts of diseases now abound. The spotted and speckled form of incipient small-pox walks abroad unconsciously in the streets, exhaling its contaminating breath, and darting its poison into the lungs of the jovial pedestrian, who knows not that he entertains the seeds of the plague, and that the portals of the hospital, which perhaps he has just passed, must soon open to receive him in his loathsome estate. Scarlet-fever, that dread enemy, comes with all its complicated phases, to take away the darling child. The milder measles asserts its reign. An incomprehensible mumps, for which there is nothing to be done, causes the glands to swell. Reiterated and hacking coughs annoy the speakers in public assemblies. Lungs are inflamed, throats sore, noses run, the eyes weep rivers of tears. Many complain wofully at night that they have a 'bad code id der head;' they take a dose of molasses and vinegar, commonly called 'stewed Quaker,' and retire disconsolately for the night.

'The subjects of a hectic fever look forward to this period with prophetic dread. Now the pale cheeks become more wan, and the limbs feebler, and the eyes shine with a more glassy brilliance, and they no longer reply each day in hopeful accents, 'better, better.' They betake themselves to their beds, never to leave them again until the feet of those are without who are to carry them away. But if perchance they survive the cutting blasts and cold tempestuous weather of the season, then they suppose, alas! perhaps

with too much confidence, that pale DEATH has given them a respite until succeeding March. Cheerily and chirpingly they go forth into the sun-shine, and feel on an equality with other men.

'O thou cold, cheerless, heartless, and inhospitable month, situate midway betwixt an Arctic winter and the blooming spring, when wilt thou pass by, and cease to disappoint our kindlier hopes? As those who through a lengthened night sigh for the first streaks of the coming dawn, we wait for sobbing April, and the advances of the lovelier May. Welcome, ye violets, faintly breathing! O for the days when roses bloom again with wildest luxury, and honey-bees begin to browse through fields of clover, and bobolinks shall carol on the wing, and when the heart takes up the exulting song, 'The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!''

F. W. S.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF 'UNCLE REUBEN.'—Our entertaining biographer has furnished us with another instalment of the history of that good-hearted man, but inveterate old joker, 'Uncle REUBEN.' He must have been a rare wag. It is quite easy to see that he is a *real* personage; and doubtless his counterpart will be recalled by many a reader:

'UNCLE REUBEN' was not much of a politician, although he generally voted with the Federalists; but he would often 'bolt,' and carry the town with him.

A county senator was to be nominated. Mr. DRAKE, a rich and unscrupulous man, was the candidate of thirteen of the twenty-five towns. 'Uncle REUBEN' had personal knowledge of his dishonesty, and was indignant at such a nomination, solely because he employed more men, held more mortgages, and could carry more voters to the polls than any man in his town. Mr. PEARSON was his rival; a public-spirited, high-minded man, and eminently qualified for the office. But PEARSON wanted one more vote in convention to secure his nomination. But could it be procured in such high party times? It was barely possible. When 'Uncle REUBEN' declared, with more warmth than usual, '*He shall have it!*' his friends considered it settled. They *believed* it would be done, for 'Uncle REUBEN' never missed the mark. But the canvasser reported again and again, 'Thirteen DRAKE men to twelve PEARSON men.'

'Uncle REUBEN' stood looking out of the shoe-shop window, when a DRAKE delegate came in sight, driving his loaded team toward the shire-town where DRAKE resided.

'There is my man!' said 'Uncle REUBEN.' 'He loves a dollar better than his child.'

'Forth went 'Uncle REUBEN,' and accosted Mr. SNOW.

'To the shire-town, Sir?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Well, then, could I get you to do a little errand for me?'

'Certainly, Sir.'

'It is a small matter, but what is right is right. I wish you would call at Mr. DRAKE's counting-room, and get a small balance of account due me—only nine-and-sixpence. It is hardly worth *going* for, and my neighbors have never got it for me. As soon as I saw you, I thought you was just the man, for you always *do* what you undertake. Mr. SNOW, a man of energy, promptness, and perseverance, is my delight. I love to shake hands with such a man, and I am sure you can get the nine-and-sixpence if *any body* can. Mr. DRAKE well knows I have no book-account to which I can swear in court; but tell him I can't think him so a bad man as to take advantage of *that*. He will swell up, and play bluff, Mr. SNOW, but you stick to him; and here is a half dollar if you will faithfully attend to the matter.'

'Mr. SNOW objected that nine-pence was a plenty, but said 'Uncle REUBEN:'

'You do n't know Mr. DRAKE as well as I do. You will have a chance to *earn* that money, Mr. SNOW; *that* you will, Sir — yes, *earn* it.'

Mr. SNOW, with great energy, promised faithfully to do the errand, and, what was more, he would not leave the shire-town without the money, unless old DRAKE's purse had the 'empty belly-ache.'

'Uncle REUBEN' walked along by the team, praised the oxen, and worked into Mr. SNOW's good graces as none but he knew how to do, and bidding him good-morning, said he would set up for him as he returned that evening, as he should be anxious to have an account of his interview and success.

Mr. SNOW, during his journey, had his mind almost entirely upon the method of approaching Mr. DRAKE, and what he would say if he demurred. He had a hundred answers to imaginary questions, and even got quite excited, and gesticulated vehemently as he walked by his oxen. It never occurred to him that 'Uncle REUBEN' *had no account against Drake!*

'After he had disposed of his wood, he sought the counting-room:

'SNOW: 'Good-mornin', Mr. DRAKE.'

'DRAKE: 'Your servant, Sir.'

'SNOW: 'I called, Sir, in behalf of Mr. REUBEN P——, to get a small balance you owe him.'

'DRAKE, (*thoughtfully*): 'REUBEN P——? REUBEN P——? Mr. BOOK-KEEPER, look at the ledger.'

'BOOK-KEEPER: 'No such name on the book.'

'DRAKE: 'Have n't you got into the wrong pew, Mr. ——? Where does REUBEN P—— live?'

'SNOW: 'I hope, because he lives ten miles away, Mr. DRAKE, that that is no objection to his being paid his just due.'

'DRAKE: 'Certainly not. You have made a mistake, Sir.'

'SNOW: 'I am not to be put off in this way, Sir. Mr. P—— is well on in years, and it is a long way for him to come on purpose for nine-and-sixpence. It is a small sum: but what is right is right.'

'DRAKE: 'But, Sir, I do n't *know* any such man.'

'SNOW: 'Well, *I* do; and a finer man does not walk the earth.'

'DRAKE: 'I dare say he *is* a fine man; but what and where is his bill? Show me his bill!'

'SNOW: 'You know well enough, Mr. DRAKE, that REUBEN P—— keeps no books: but are you the man to take advantage of *that*? He can't bring his books into court and swear to them, for he *has* none, and that is a sufficient reason; and nine-and-sixpence is the price by which he is to be defrauded. Let me tell you, Sir, that REUBEN P—— does n't treat *his* creditors in that way. No; the veriest rascal in Edenton would be ashamed of it, and so ought *you* to be, Mr. DRAKE.'

'DRAKE: 'Do n't you insinuate that I am a rascal, Sir, in my own house!'

'SNOW: 'I ain't to be skairt at bluster, Sir, and I shan't leave the room till the nine-and-sixpence is paid. You may bet high on *that*! And in the mean time, if you want to 'fist it' a little, or take a back-hug, or a side-hold, or arms'-length, I am just the man for it.'

'DRAKE: 'Well, Sir, just step into the street, and we will settle the question.'

Whereupon, SNOW stepped into the street, and took off his coat, when DRAKE shut and fastened the door. DRAKE then appeared at the window and told SNOW that unless he drove that poor old horse out of town, he would have him put into the pound, and regaled as he had not been for a year. Whereupon, the stopple of SNOW's temper flew out, and all the violent, saucy, and slanderous epithets he could conjure up were hurled with terrible violence toward Mr. DRAKE. Some of DRAKE's neighbors said it was mostly true, but the nine-and-sixpence remained where it was.

'Now, can you imagine how it happened that, in the Convention, PEARSON had the majority of *one*? SNOW, of course, voted with his party.

'Of course he did.'

'When PEARSON was elected, and by the President of the Senate named as Chairman of the *'Committee on Accounts,'* a very undignified sensation was produced in a body so august.

'At the special request of 'Uncle REUBEN,' Mr. SNOW was 'jumped,' and Mr. DRAKE elected a member of 'The Trade-Sale Company' as a 'reward of merit!'

'Now I might go on, and tell you how it happened that the story of General WASHINGTON's death was circulated long before it happened, and how divers old men and women were shocked that it occurred 'while he was climbing a pine-tree to get a stick to whip his negroes with!' How the church-bell was tolled by witches, and how many prayers were made as the parson entered the church, and what extraordinary courage 'Uncle REUBEN' evinced, by going into the belfry in advance of all others, and cutting the string that was tied to the clapper and a thousand other like stories.

'There was a cross-path from the county-road to 'Uncle REUBEN's' house, which he frequently passed. As a Mr. ROSE climbed over the fence across the path, he placed the bar in such a position that it would easily slip out, and whoever next climbed over it was sure to catch a fall. Mr. ROSE, however, returning, forgot his own joke intended for 'Uncle REUBEN,' and was victimized himself. 'Uncle REUBEN' ran to his relief, and fearing that he might be suspected of perpetrating a joke that hazarded life or limb, he utterly denied it. Whereupon, Mr. ROSE owned up that the bar was set by himself for 'Uncle REUBEN.' Mr. ROSE not being injured as much as was at first feared, 'Uncle REUBEN' concluded that he was not fully paid for his wilfulness. He also recollected that he had sold him some very bad herrings for a very good price.

'Uncle REUBEN' was one day in that same old shoe-maker's shop, and saw Mr. ROSE close to the door, with his arm in a sling.

'Now,' said 'Uncle REUBEN,' 'Mr. STANDISH, mind your eye. Here comes a rose in full blossom. Herrings is the text.' [*Enter Rose.*]

'ROSE: 'Sir, your most.'

'REUBEN: 'Sir, your quite.'

'STANDISH: 'Yes, *Sir*; the herring-fisheries are worth more to this town than all the capitation taxes.'

'REUBEN: 'And *is n't* that Mr. COBB the luckiest man you ever saw? That whole family are always blundering into good fortune. Would any man but a COBB ever have thought of such a thing? It makes me think of Lord DEXTER sending warming-pans to the Indies on a speculation.'

'ROSE: 'What are you talking about, gentlemen?'

'STANDISH: 'How much do you think he will make by it the present year?'

'REUBEN: 'Oh! he will probably make more this season than any hereafter, for every body that has a pond will go into the business.'

'STANDISH: 'Well, it does beat the Dutch, and the Dutch, you know, beat the d—l.'

'ROSE: 'And what the d—l are you talking about? Why don't you enlighten the rest of us?'

'REUBEN: 'Nothing but Mr. COBB's herring speculation.'

'ROSE: 'What! Miller COBB?'

'STANDISH: 'Yes, yes.'

'REUBEN: 'The select-men of this town say he will clear nine thousand dollars this year; and I should n't wonder if it was nearer double that amount. At any rate, herrings will be cheaper after this.'

'ROSE: 'Come, now, this is Greek to me.'

'REUBEN: 'Why don't you take the papers?'

'STANDISH: 'Or get up earlier in the morning?'

'ROSE: 'Come, out with it.'

'REUBEN: 'Can you keep your tongue still?'

'ROSE: 'Yes, *Sir-r-r*!'

'REUBEN: 'Well, Mr. COBB has made a great discovery. It occurred to him that there were a million eggs in the roe or spawn of a single herring. He therefore saved

all the roes. Some he took out before cooking, some after. These, with some old herring, he threw into his pond. Now, it is not known whether the cooked or uncooked spawn produced the innumerable herrings in his mill-pond, but certain it is, there is not a foot of water there that does not hold many herrings. When the mill-wheel goes, it is turned by the weight of herring. Boys for miles around come with their bags and baskets, wade into the water up to their knees, and throw them out with their hands. PARSON SAUNDERS says it is a miracle, and that he could hear the flap of their tails many rods from the pond.'

'STANDISH: 'Don't you see the carriages passing to-day more than usual, all going there?'

'ROSE: 'Why, yes.'

'REUBEN: 'I never would have believed it had I not seen it myself; and Mr. COBB says he should have thought nothing of having thrown the roes into his pond, had he not seen and heard the herrings after the ice had thawed.'

'ROSE: 'By the lord HARRY, I'll go over there this blessed day!'

'REUBEN: 'What! — with your lame arm, and in this drizzling day, when you can't get back till night-fall? Goodness! I would not walk four miles and back this weather, for all the herrings I could carry.'

'ROSE: 'By gracious, Mr. STANDISH, lend me that basket!'

'STANDISH: 'Take it and be off, and remember to leave half a dozen herrings at the door as you return; and don't blab all you know to every fool you meet.'

'Away went ROSE; and when he came to where the pond had formerly been, not a drop of water was to be seen, for the stream had been turned; and it was literally true that there were herrings for every foot of water!

'After he had returned from his wearisome journey, eaten his supper, and was reposing soundly in bed, at eleven o'clock, a heavy rap at the door awoke him. It was a long time before he was wide awake enough to go to the door and let in the visitor. At last, PAUL BRYANT gained admission. A light was struck with the tinder-box, a fire started, while ROSE was shivering in his night-gown.

'PAUL: 'Important business only would bring me out this stormy night, I assure you. Now, Mr. ROSE, I have always taken you to be a friend to me, and I — No, Mr. ROSE, no body is dead: guess again. No, nor sick. No, nor am I come by the command of the sheriff. But ah! Mr. ROSE — How pale you look! You won't hold any hardness toward me, will you, Mr. ROSE? Well, I'm glad of that. Now be quiet, and I'll tell you as soon as you are sufficiently composed. Don't glare at me so, for HEAVEN's sake! Shall I go on, Mr. ROSE? Well! I came through this hail-storm for the purpose of communicating to you — No, I do n't want your wife to be called. You can break it to her after I am gone. I came to inform you that you was elected a member of the Trade-Sa. —' [*Exit in haste.*]

'ROSE: 'Goodness! gracious! if PAUL BRYANT had n't gone like lightning, that flat-iron would have hit him in the head instead of knocking the panel out of the door!'

'I might go on and tell you how polite Mr. ROSE was afterward to 'Uncle REUBEN,' and how, at his special request, he met him at the blacksmith-shop to turn the grind-stone for him to *grind his saw*, and how bad he felt when the smith told him he had concluded to *file* it! But here is too much already.'

We have taken a good deal of interest in the quips and quirks and eccentricities of 'Uncle REUBEN.' We once knew just such a good-humored, just-minded old wag, when we lived in the country; and when he departed this life, he had the largest funeral 'ever known in those parts.' Some day or another, 'when we have nothing better to do,' we intend to attempt a sketch of him; but doubtless we shall not come within gun-shot of him, he was 'so very peculiar.' In fact, 'none but himself could be his parallel,' or describe his own counterpart.

REMINISCENCES.—Keen blows the cold March wind without the sanctum to-night, and blinds 'rattle and bang' along the street. But all this only makes it the more cheery within. Even the cat, as she lifts up her head from her extended paws, stretched toward the glowing grate, seems to 'possess herself in great contentment,' as she hears the wailing of the fitful gusts. Well, we are about to desert the sanctum; the place, reader, whence for many years we have sent out to you numerous messages, and received diverse others in return; so that we have come to seem to *know* each other, although we have never met, and perhaps never may meet, on this side of the grave. After long metropolitan house-holding, we are going to enjoy 'country-life within easy city-reach' on the banks of the Hudson; and if our hopes do not deceive us, it will not be long before we and 'those whom God has given us' shall be enabled to 'sit under our vine and fig-tree,' amid the 'pleasant places' of beautiful Nature. And yet it has made us sad to-night to think of leaving the 'old familiar place,' where so many precious hours have been spent or mis-spent. And now that we are about to depart from *all* town-sanctums, we have been wandering back to the three we have occupied since we rose to the dignity of a 'family-man and a house-holder,' and all the events which will render ineffaceable the memory of the dwellings of which they formed a part. Let us remember *aloud* to you, reader.

If you please, we are in H — street, on the east side of the metropolis. In an upper chamber, looking out by two windows upon long rows of pleasant gardens, abutting upon each other from the rear of two streets, is our first sanctum. It is a cheerful spot, and has been decorated by the hand of Art. Paintings and engravings adorn the walls, and above all, 'it is *so cosy!*' That's what all the lady-visitors used to ejaculate, upon entering it. The roofs of the whole block of three-story basement-houses, of which ours was one, were surrounded by one entire balustrade; and when the sun had gone down, in the hot season of mid-summer, we used to take up chairs, and sit in the cool air that swept over the bay, and read the evening newspapers, interrupted only by the pattering feet and joyous prattle of the little folk, who always used to be with us on such occasions.

One sultry evening in the summer-solstice — while we were engrossed in the perusal of a new and interesting work by Miss SEDGWICK — one of the 'wee people' aforesaid, a little girl of some five years, scampered with an elder sister along the nearly-level roof, laughing and romping as they ran,

'TURNING to mirth
All things of earth,
As only childhood can.'

Presently there came a crash — a jingle, as of broken glass; and the elder of the two sisters came screaming to our side, with wild terror in her eyes: '*M — has fallen through the sky-light!*' To rush down the three intervening pairs of stairs to the street — bringing the affrighted mother from the nursery, with a young infant (with 'no expense for clothing' at that hurried moment) rolled up in her apron — was the work of an instant. Into

which of the neighboring houses had she fallen? We had forgotten to look. How frantically we rushed up the steps of our neighbors! — with what agony we saw that the blinds of some of the houses were drawn, the door-plates dingy — the houses locked — the occupants in the country! At length a key turned, and a servant-girl stood in the door with our little girl in her arms; the blood streaming from her face and temples, and her great dark eyes staring with terror. 'I didn't *mean* to do it, father!' was her first exclamation. Dear child! — as if a thought of *blame* could be in our hearts at such a moment! She was quickly taken home; and the first thing to be ascertained was, whether her head was injured; but, beyond a cut over the eye-brow, from which the blood flowed profusely, the head was found uninjured. 'Thank God!' was our united exclamation; 'after all, she is unhurt!' She was carefully undressed for bed; but in doing so, her left leg swung backward and forward, like the pendulous leg of a doll. It was broken in two places above the knee. How the surgeons came and replaced the broken bones; how the little sufferer lay for nearly three months with her limb 'knitting' with pain, in a surgical boot; how at length the bandages and splints were removed, and it was found to be as strait and firm as its fellow; how we all 'rejoiced and were exceeding glad,' it 'boots not now to say.' But reader, to have such a miracle as a beloved child suddenly precipitated thirty-six feet into an open hall, falling, in her descent, upon two bannisters, and escaping with both life and limb, is not that *one* incident sufficient to make a dwelling memorable?

And herewithal comes back also the memory of the dear little baby-brother — so bright, so lovely, so *spiritual* in his transcendent beauty, that it was often predicted that he would be early called away — who was brought home one bitter day from his brief sojourn by the sea-side, and lay in his little coffin, his hands cross-folded upon his silent breast, and flowers, pure as his innocent spirit, bedecking his lifeless form:

'Oh! these are recollections
Round parents' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft-awakening.'

But very vivid is the recollection of many another event which occurred there. There it was that we had the pleasure to welcome two 'new-born babes;' it was there where 'many friends we met,' some of whom 'are not,' but others, thanks to a good God, still 'live, and move, and have their being' in this beautiful world. We recal a dinner-gathering there, the only sadness in the memory of which is, that dear friends who were then present have gone from among us for ever. The author of '*The Sketch-Book*' enjoys a sunny life, that only goldens toward its setting; the biographer of 'OLIVER' and 'LITTLE NELL' 'expands and bourgeons;' the hand that traced 'FANNY' and 'MARCO BOZARRIS' has as cordial a grasp, and the eye of the poet is as bright and his smile as genial as ever; he who wrote '*Thanatopsis*,' we saw but yesterday, 'in the full strength of years;' and the beloved bishop, who with these then sat at meat with us, still 'goes about

doing good' among the churches over which he has been made overseer; and the quaint and refined 'JOHN WATERS,' yet in active life, seems no whit the older. But where are H. I., the beloved and accomplished artist; S. D. D., the old, and cherished, and generous friend; D. G., the warm-hearted companion and eloquent advocate; where H. B., the life-long friend of GEOFFREY CRAYON—the friend of all who knew him? 'Gone—all gone!

But these reminiscences have so multiplied, that we must resume our theme in subsequent numbers. The wind has gone down; the fire has dwindled low; the cat got up just now, yawned till his head seemed to be turning wrong-side out, elevated his back to an acute angle, and retired: and now, if it please you, *we* will 'ruminate bed-ward.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Law-students and lawyers who have *been* students, will smile at this '*Scene in a Court-Room*,' where 'examinations for admission to the bar' are going on:

'EXAMINER: 'Mr. —, what is Law?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*striving to collect scattered faculties*): 'Law? Law, Sir, is — (*under-tone*) I wonder what the devil law *is*! Law is — did you ask, Sir, what law is?'

'EXAMINER, (*getting crusty*): 'Yes, Sir.'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*getting wild*): 'Law, Sir, is — is — is — it's a rule, Sir, of civil conduct, prescribed by municipal regulations.'

'EXAMINER: 'What?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*in agony, and becoming desperate*): 'A rule, Sir — oh! I'm sure I do n't know what it is.'

'EXAMINER, (*solemnly*): 'What are treaties?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'A treatise, Sir, is a book — it's judicial reports — I mean reports of judicial decisions, collected together, and forming what is called unwritten, or common law.'

'EXAMINER: 'A what?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'A book, Sir! — a book, Sir, is a collection of leaves of printed paper, sewed together, and when pasted to a thick cover, it is called 'bound,' and when it has only a paper-cover, it is denominated a pamphlet, Sir.'

'EXAMINER: 'Do you intend to say, Sir, that *treaties* are books?'

'STARTLED STUDENT: 'Treatises — you mean treatises, Sir: yes, Sir, treatises are books, (*a light dawns on bewildered mind*) — oh! you mean *treaty* — treaty spelt with a 'y,' not with 'ise:' oh! yes, Sir, a treaty's a different affair. A treaty, Sir, refers to the law of nations; or rather, Sir, it's got something to do with the law of nations and war; that is to say, when the law of nations is at war, then the treaty do n't come in; but when there's peace, treaties generally ensue.'

'EXAMINER, (*sternly*): 'What is a summons, Sir?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*feeling hopeful*): 'Oh! yes, Sir; a summons is subscribed by the plaintiff and directed to the defendant, and requiring an answer thereof within twenty days, or else to be barred thereby, and liable on said contingency to have judgment entered up against him.'

'EXAMINER: 'What is a complaint?'

'STARTLED STUDENT, (*more encouraged*): 'A complaint, Sir, is a statement of facts: the name of the court is put up at the top of the page, and a line drawn under it; and then you write the name of the county, and then draw a line again; and then there are two or more names, frequently more, generally put with a flourish on one side and two

letters, '*vs.*,' between them; but I never knew what '*vs.*' meant. I suppose, however, it's a mere form, and is probably used in the case of a formal complaint.'

'EXAMINER: 'How, Sir, would you commence an action in a court of law?'

'STUDENT, (*radiant*): 'Oh! Sir, I would first serve a summons on the sheriff, by leaving a copy with him, and making an affidavit that he was the individual known and described therein, and that I knew the same to be the same, and requiring him to hold and execute the same by demanding a delivery of the property, and in case it was shut up in an inclosure, if there was n't any person inside, or the property was n't delivered up forthwith, then straightway to demolish said inclosure, and seize the same, and allow him the privilege of calling in the '*posse comitatus*,' although those words always 'knocked me,' and I do n't know to this day what they mean!'

'EXAMINER: 'That'll do, Sir!'

WE honor the heart of GEORGE S. HILLARD, of Boston, for the beautiful (although unusual) sentiment embodied in these remarks: 'I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not 'succeed in life,' as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good; from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men;' but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.' - - - In former days, when RETURN J. MEIGS was Postmaster-General, he had occasion to address a letter to a newly-installed deputy, in a small town 'down-east.' The deputy made out to read the body of the letter, but could make nothing of the scrawl at the bottom. After puzzling over it, and scratching his official head for an hour or two, he could make only a peremptory order, '*Return your Mugs.*' He applied to his predecessor and to all the justices of the peace, and *Quorum* and *Custos Rotolorum*, the school-master and the parson, but they could give him no satisfactory elucidation of the new order. He determined to take a journey to the shire-town, and there to consult with the learned lawyer, who was the post-master of that growing town, and was well posted up in all the rules and mysteries of the law of letters. Upon stating the case, this able civilian, having obtained his reputation by never being at a loss on any subject, at once informed him that there were many post-offices in the county in an intermediate state between the large cities and the small towns, and in which they had not quite risen to the dignity and importance of having regular and fixed boxes for individuals, but used *mugs* instead; and each man had his designated mug, into which all his letters were placed! This was clear and satisfactory, and the deputy returned home much enlightened and comforted. And ever after, at the bottom of all his quarterly returns he added a '*nota bene*:' '*No mugs used at this office!*' What particular construction was put upon this oft-recurring note at the 'department,' was never divulged. - - - 'FAMILY QUARRELS,' as a general thing, do not form what is termed good 'read-

ing matter;' but a highly esteemed correspondent at Auburn, Indiana, has sent us a specimen that is decidedly 'rich.' Mr. GEORGE DROWLY, 'an injured man,' sends to the village newspaper a long communication, setting forth his domestic troubles, his wife having left his bed and board. The editor publishes it in a modified form; whereupon Mr. DROWLY waxes wroth, and threatens that unless the *whole* article is published he will sue for a return of the money he had paid for its insertion. The editor, therefore, gives the communication entire, and '*verbatim, et literatim, et spell-atim.*' Here is the conclusion of the document; and really, there is something very touching in the allusion to his dying child. It is evident, however, that 'whiskey,' that bane of domestic peace, had something to do with the separation:

'For the first few months she thought i was an angel then she thought i was nothing more than a Common Man Next i was afool and did not know any thing and last i was a devil and she could not live with me we are Both to Blame i say so. 'the Case stand Just like this spouse me and my wife Build afire in the middel of my house and it burns good i cannot put this fire out alone she does not help me But Every littel wile throws a nother stick on till there is so much fire and smoke she cant stand it any longer of she goes and tell the Folks Drowly has set the house on fire i have tried all i can to stand it i have fit fire and smoke and wasted my strength and Good will to no purpose i wont live there any longer i say good by, and When she has run her rase on Earth may God rest her soul in some secret plase out of quarling distance of any of her three husbands is al the harm i wish her For she is the most Contentious Woman that i Ever was quainted with now i can say to al Men i am the same as i have Been for these last Seven Years Exsepting age and wear and tear these are the word of my Child when she lay on her death bed she cald the Children and kist them and told them thay must be good to poor Old pap they might have her play-things she should not want them any more then she says pap Come and let mee kiss you you have Been a good Father to me and i cant doo any more for you this i Can prove by more than one these statements are facts and many of them i Can prove.'

'I INCLOSE you,' writes a correspondent from a town on the border of a certain north-western State, 'a rare specimen of Indian oratory and inductive reasoning. It was delivered at a missionary meeting by an eccentric Indian, who for years has labored in the missionary cause, and is well known in the vicinity where it was delivered. The copy I send you was taken by a person who was upon the spot:'

'MR. CHAIRMAN: You know what old beaver do when he want to build dam? Well I tell you: old beaver he always swim away up creek, till he come to good place to build dam: there he lift his head up out of water, and take his tail, and slap, slap, slap, just so, right on water: (*cheers and laughter.*) Then beaver they lift their heads up out of water and go where he is. They know he going to do some great work: then old beaver he go to work, and show how to build dam, and all beaver they go to work too. That's the way beaver, he build dam.

'Now, Mr. CHAIRMAN, you just like old beaver: (*cheers and laughter.*) You 'boss' here this meeting; and if you want to show that you much interest here, you must do just like old beaver; you must take your tail and slap, slap, just like beaver: (*roars of laughter.*) Then all folks here know you going to do something. May be you think I wrong; but I tell you, if you go to work your tail, and all folks here do just same, then I tell you we soon have plenty of good time, this country!' (*Tremendous cheering and roars of laughter, during which the speaker took his seat.*)

'LAST evening,' writes 'J. H. A. B.,' from Ohio, 'a merchant from the 'interior' journeying Gothamward, enlivened our usually sedate and practical office with the following yarn: 'A sedate old blacksmith, originally hail-

ing from the 'Keystone State,' but who had long made his residence among the tabernacles of the Buckeyes, was expatiating to an admiring auditory on the Pennsylvania anti-rail-road policy, and wound up as follows: 'Y-a-a-s, these rail-roads are bad things. In my younger days, Pennsylvanians had to travel a-horse-back ten or twenty days to reach Ohio, and then they l'arned something on the way: now the rail-roads carry them in as many hours, and set them down as *green as when they started!* Y-a-a-s, rail-roads are bad things!' - - - 'WHAT do you think,' asks a town-correspondent, 'of the plan of teaching children by rote? SOUTHEY, in his 'Doctor,' exclaims: 'Oh! what block-heads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend every thing it reads!' Some things, of course, they cannot understand, but are we not too content with teaching them *sounds*, and not *thoughts*, '*vox et præterea nihil?*' Some things which have come under my own observation on this topic may not be uninteresting: One who is now a missionary, Rev. CHARLES STODDARD, at Oroomiah, in Persia, had been taken when a boy to visit a travelling menagerie. On his return, he asked his mother, before he 'said his prayers' at night, 'if he could not say, 'Now I *camel* down to sleep?' He was tired of saying, 'Now I *Ulama* down to sleep.' I have always been a regular attendant at church from childhood up; but in my juvenile years church-time was spent either in reading Bible-stories, or more usually in seeing imaginary sights, and doing imaginary wonders in the land of 'Miz.' If you do n't know where 'Miz' is, recall the words of the fourth commandment: 'In six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.' This last clause I had twisted into 'all that's in the *Miz*.' I had heard and read of fairies, and such like. They did not live in the sea, nor on the earth, nor yet in heaven: where else then could they live, but in the 'Miz,' *between* heaven and earth? MARY HOWITT, in her autobiography, says she was under the same delusion; and I have met acquaintances whose childish imaginations had created the same fairy-land. I well remember, (it was in my fourteenth year,) when I seemed to wake up to a consciousness of existence, when there dropped from my eyes, 'as it were, scales.' My mind seemed to make a jump from the cerements of educational routine into a world of beauty, wisdom, and goodness. Yet, after all, can children learn words without ideas?' Our correspondent's childish experience is our own - - - THE '*Spiritual Harbinger*,' a paper printed in Rochester, and advocating the spiritual-rappings mania, has the following: 'In the twelfth hour, the glory of God, the life of God, the LORD in God, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune CREATOR with the perfect disclosive illumination: then shall the creation in effulgence above the Divine Seraphenial arise unto the Dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme created Beatitudes.' After copying the above, the '*Cayuga Chief*' responds as follows: 'Then shall block-heads in the jackassical dome of disclosive procedure, above the all-fired great leather fungus of PETER NIPNINA, rise unto the dome-disclosive, until all coëqual and extensive and conglomerated lummuxes in incomprehensible mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!' Slightly transcendental, that! - - - A FRIEND

in Jefferson county, Virginia, sends us the following '*Complaint in Rhyme*' of a little boy, who really seems to have 'a hard row to hoe.' It is from the pen of a lad in the vicinity of Leesburg. The soliloquy runs as follows:

'I wish I was a boy again,
 I often hear old people say,
 What do you want to be a boy for?
 Tell me the reason now, I pray.

'If you would but think of the hardships
 A poor boy has to endure,
 I think you would be content with your manhood:
 You *would*, I am very sure.

'If, when you have been hard at work,
 Be scolded for attempting to rest,
 I think you would not wish it again,
 But think you are wonderfully blest.

'Sometimes I am scolded for not sweeping the mill;
 Sometimes for sawing the logs;
 Sometimes for not currying the horses,
 Sometimes for not feeding the hogs.

'If I attempt to go in the house,
 They scold me for not cleaning my feet;
 And I expect to hear, some of these days,
 They'll scold me for the victuals I eat.

'If I go out into company,
 And they hang on my name a 'Mister,'
 They are just as sure to laugh at me,
 My father, my mother, my sister.

'If I attempt to wait on the girls,
 Of me they make fun enough:
 My sister even goes so far as to say,
 I must wait till my chin gets rough.

'Perhaps it was not so in the olden time,
 Or when you was a boy:
 May-be your parents did the work,
 And you your life did enjoy.'

It hardly seems possible that the subjoined specimen of '*A Pulpit-Exercise in Texas*' can be authentic; and yet we are informed by a brother-editor in that region that it is entirely true, he himself having heard it delivered: 'One of those zealous preachers who draw illustrations from every thing, and suffer no opportunity to pass at all admitting of a moral, arrived at his log-church one morning quite late, and took for his text, '*Marvel not*;' and then went on in the following strain, in his peculiarly drawling, nasal, half-singing voice: 'My friends, the Scripture says, '*Marvel not*;' and hence it is wrong to marvel-er. As I was a-riding along this morning-er, on my way to this place, I happened to look up, and I seen a parcel of boys a-playing marbles-er. There was a lean boy, so thin that it seemed as though, ef he had been a little thinner, the wind, when it blew, would blow him away-er; and there was a fat boy there, so fat, that if he had been a little fatter he would have looked almost as broad as he was longer-er. And they were playing marbles-er; and I heerd what they said-er. And soon I heerd the lean boy, so thin that it seemed as though ef he had been a little thinner the wind when it blew would blow him away-er, say, 'I'm fat.'

And he lied-er; for he was no more fat than I was-er. And then they played ag'in-er; and I heerd the fat boy, so fat that ef he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as broad as he was long-er, say, 'I'm lean.' And *he* lied-er, for he was no more lean than I was-er. And there come up a little boy, who was very spry, as spry as a cricket-er. And he kept running about, and jumping, and shouting-er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while, I heard him say, 'By golly! I'm dead!' -er. And he lied, for he was no more dead than I was-er. Now, my brethren, the Scripture says, Thou shalt not lie-er; and you see 'marbleing' leads to lying-er. And you see how very wrong it is to 'marble.' And therefore, I say again, 'MARBEL NOT-er!' - - - A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded to us the following *Negro Love-Letter*. It is a veritable epistle, in the 'color'd pusson's' own hand-writing, and bears date 'Huntsville, Walker county, Texas, June 26, 1853':

'DEAR MISS it avails me great pleasure to write you a fuv lines to let you know that I am well hoping these fuv lines may find you enjoying the same blessing when first I fell in love with you, your feachers I did gain: I would like to cort you Miss HULDA if you have know objection the first time I saw you I thought you was the pink of the world I do know that I love you bitter than any person in this world. If I could just call you mine, I would be willing to dye you are so prety in the face and so slim in the wast If you love me like I love you thare is no knife can cut our lov in 2. I have seen all the Girls in Huntsville, but thare is non can come up with you LORD bliss my soul! I love you more than Gold Of all the girls I ever see HULDA is de Gal fore me!

'JACOB SKELTON.

'Kind Miss, my heart is very much broken about you My dear miss I would like to have a kiss from you as I made my remarks a bout my heart being broken I cant possible do my duty for my heart is very near broken Miss HULDY I would give my heart head and hand to peep at you one more O miss HULDY do lit me in, for the way I love you is a sin O could I but call Miss HULDY the darling of my heart I would bid fare well to this vain world and wipe my weping eyes de sun am set, dis Nigger am free: de colired gals I am bound to see. CARLES BIRDWELL sends his love to you: sais de way he loves you is a sin

'When this you see remember me — affectionate JACOB SKELTON. Roses is red violets blue sugar is sweet and so are you JACOB SKELTON.'

There's 'colored fervor' for you! - - - THE last number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' an excellent issue, let us add in passing, of an uniformly excellent magazine, has a capital portrait of a kind of military SKIMPOL, in Tennessee, embraced in a sketch entitled '*General Gymm and Colonel Burrows*.' The General is one of those characters who 'follow the profession of a gentleman;' who 'never degrade their talents, or prostitute their accomplishments to any ignoble calling.' 'He lived on the Gentlemanly:'

'Ha cultivated the Gentlemanly as Count D'ORSAY sculpture — as an elegant art, an exquisite study — yet as a means of livelihood; bethinking him, that, like a grateful child or pupil, it should pay the way of its angust protector and patron. . . . There were some idiosyncrasies in the General which gave his character an agreeable relish and a refreshing piquancy: his views were large and original; he thought in a peculiar vein on many subjects. Among these were the nature and extent of the obligations imposed by a contract. He held that these obligations being the mere creatures of society, were only conventional; that society had prescribed in what way these contracts were to be enforced; and if they could be so enforced, well — if not, well, too. The idea of moral obligation as connected with, or involved in the payment of, a debt, he was disposed to regard as a superstition rapidly becoming obsolete, and having its

origin in barbarous times. The furnishing of articles of convenience and luxury to a member of society, by those who had more of such articles than they had use for, he was strongly to regard as a social courtesy for which it was unreasonable, if not somewhat churlish, to expect payment in vulgar coin. He preferred reciprocal courtesies; to make the business arrangements of society go on upon the basis of an exchange of commodities such as could be most conveniently furnished; as at a barbecue, where each contributes to the common stock of such things as he can best spare. The General was always ready to throw in of *his* best; but what more could be asked of him?

This condensed sketch of 'General GYMM' will enlighten the reader as to what manner of man he was. 'Colonel BURROWS,' however, is in marked contrast, being a merchant of wealth, remarkable sagacity, acute, practical, well-informed, and thoroughly imbued with the wisdom which such faculties gather from a long intercourse with the world, and uncommon powers of observation:

'He had learned to read men like books, and, however fine the print, had no difficulty in deciphering the most illegible scroll of character. Eminent as a financier, he had succeeded in extricating himself from many a difficulty which would have proved insuperable to less expert and adroit men. He saved debts, which in other hands would have been hopeless losses; and while on a visit to his friends in Alabama, amused his leisure by securing claims, due the firm of which he was a dormant partner, which had foiled the address of the home-managers. So successful had he been in these enterprises, that he was in the habit, when in a pleasant mood, of twitting his partners upon their negligence and inefficiency in this most important department of the mercantile mystery. Indeed, he was incredulous of all excuses for failures of this sort. He was in the habit of saying that no debt, in *such* a country as this, *could* be lost unless by the negligence of the creditor; and would chuckle with delightful and amiable humor when coming into the counting-room with a paper in his hand representing a debt secured which before was in rather a doubtful or even desperate condition.'

Among the assets of the firm in question was a note of 'General GYMM's,' long laid by as hopeless, and the amount placed to the account of 'profit and loss.' The 'Colonel' was requested to try his hand at collecting this debt which, if he accomplished, might well be considered as the most brilliant trophy of his financial prowess. The Colonel declared his willingness to make the effort, and even went so far as to stake his reputation upon his success in the adventure. Accordingly, armed with the note, he sallied forth like another Knight Errant in quest of a victory over this giant of Insolvency:

'The Colonel esteemed it a fortunate circumstance that he found the General on the street. He was walking toward him with the low and commanding dignity which distinguished his movements. The champions of their respective creeds and castes approached. The meeting was like that of TALLEYRAND and METTERNICH when they met to do that little job for the EMPEROR. Such politeness, such dignity, such compliments nearly exhausted the manual of diplomatic salutations. From the cordiality of their greetings one might suppose that two friends had met, who had been parted for a long time and had renewed a correspondence which had been the pabulum of life to each other. The conversation, after some general remarks, took the direction the Colonel intended as introductory to the business in hand.

'What a beautiful country, my dear General, you have. I have never seen it equalled. The resources of the country are enormous, too. Really, it is astonishing with what facility the means of life are procured here, and how easy it is for any one who desires it to support himself in credit and respectability.'

'To all which the General assented with readiness and unction.

'And yet,' resumed the Colonel, 'there are some objections, not to the country so much as to the manner in which business is conducted: now, for instance, General, it is difficult to have business done here properly in consequence of this same facility in the raising of money. Want of punctuality in meeting engagements is the bane of commerce, General. It is not so much the fault of the debtor as the creditor class. But it injures the character and interests of both. Now, to illustrate, General, what do you suppose occurred this very morning? Why, my dear Sir, I was looking over some of the assets of our firm here, and what should I see, General, but your note for some two hundred dollars due several years ago; doubtless suffered thus to remain from the

sheer carelessness of my clerks. I felt shocked at the injustice done you: indeed, I felt somewhat indignant. 'What,' said I, 'the note of General ГУММ, a man of his respectability and distinction, (the General here bowed in acknowledgment,) given for a few necessary articles, to lie over for years, subjecting him, if unhappily the fact should be discovered, to the imputation of suffering such claims to be dishonored! Give me the papers,' said I, 'and I will go at once and make the necessary apologies to the gentleman, and repair the injustice done him, by receiving the money and closing the unfortunate transaction.' And so, General, I have come with it that it might be immediately rectified. I hope you will find the calculation of the interest on the back of the note all right; and I trust you will take no offence at this remissness, as I assure you that nothing of the sort was intended.'

'The General took out his snuff-box, rapped it two or three times, offered it to the Colonel, who took a pinch, and proceeded to assure the Colonel of his entire satisfaction with the explanation offered. 'And now,' remarked the General, 'I will tell you something of a personal character bearing a little on the matter in hand. Colonel, I had an aunt in the State of Georgia; a remarkable woman she was, too. Indeed, I hope I may say without any indelicacy, she was one of the cleverest women I ever knew.'

'COLONEL BURROWS: 'Indeed, I can well believe that from her relation to you, General.'

'GENERAL: 'Thank you — yes, a remarkable woman. She was a lady of great enterprise and many manly virtues. Unfortunately, she was addicted to politics. Her stump-speeches were the most eloquent in Georgia.'

'COLONEL: 'But, my dear General, although this is certainly a very interesting piece of biography, yet, may I ask, what connection it has with the subject we were discussing?'

'GENERAL: 'We shall see presently. My aunt, as I said, was a politician. She ran for the Legislature. She was elected, having first, however, to horsewhip the opposing candidate for some slanders he put out against her when they were treating at the grocery. But she was elected. She went on and took her seat. And she came near being elected speaker. She would have been elected but for the foolish squeamishness of some of the members who objected to addressing the presiding-officer as *Mrs. Speaker*. Do you observe?'

'COLONEL: 'Why — ah — yes, but, General, really I don't see yet what all this has to do with the note — eh?'

'GENERAL: 'The application you will see. If my dear aunt had been elected speaker, she would have been entitled to eight dollars *per diem*, and I was her heir; so that if she had received the money, I would have received it, and thus been enabled to pay this small debt. Good-morning, Colonel.'


'And the General passed on without cracking a smile, leaving the Colonel looking after him in a state of astonishment at his overpowering impudence.'

After the Colonel's return to the counting-room, he is asked if he had obtained the money, as he had expected: whereto the Colonel, not a little irate, replies: 'No, Sir — no, Sir, I did not: the man is incorrigible. Sir, the man is deranged. I can collect money out of any sane man, but, Sir, I never pretended I could collect money out of a crazy man!' It was the 'method' exhibited in the General's 'madness,' however, that seems to have exasperated the Colonel! - - - We have had the pleasure to look over several private letters of our friend the lamented HENRY INMAN, addressed to an old and tried friend in this city. They have reminded us very forcibly of his conversation, always so pleasant and winning. The following passage is from a letter dated at London, in July, 1844:

'We visited the Italian opera the very first night of our arrival in London. The piece was '*Otello*,' in which you may remember GARCIA's fine tenor. We saw GRISI as *Desdemona*, MARIO as *Otello*, LA BLACHE as the *Doge*, and FORNASARI as *Iago*. In the ballet afterward we saw our old friend FANNY ELSSLER, and the new and younger dancer, the famous CERRO. So you see that, with the exception of TAGLIONI, if we were to hunt Europe through, we could not have a finer feast in the way of music and dancing than we enjoyed on the very first day of our stay in London.

'After hearing the overture to '*OTELLO*' played by an immense orchestra, which 'can't be beat' in the world, the opera commenced. Before I speak of the singing, let me observe, that the *acting* alone, in the hands of these perfect vocalists, seemed but

the natural accompaniment of the music, while the recitation appeared to be the only proper medium through which to convey the expression of the passions. GRISI is certainly all that I can imagine of perfection in singing, with a voice like silver; powerful when necessary — sweet and plaintive when tenderness is required; and all this combined with a tone as true as truth, and an execution without a fault, no matter what of eccentricity there may be in the passage; all this with an action that is grace itself, may give you some notion of what we must have enjoyed. Now for LA BLACHE: *Sugared Thunder*! is all that I need say about *his* singing. Although he is a great fat man, his expression and action are always appropriate and graceful. He is altogether great — grand! Just imagine our gratification at hearing a quintette composed of GRISI, LA BLACHE, MARIO, FORNASARI, and an alto part by COVELLI, another delightful voice, which I forgot to mention. When we came out of the opera-house, going home by a back-street, I noticed several wheel-barrows in fragments, whose hearts had evidently been broken by leaning against the walls of the theatre while such music was going on!

Some of the letters contain admirable pen-and-ink and pencil drawings. In one, dated at Mount Holly, (New-Jersey,) in February, 1834, he says: 'I send a book for you to look at. It treats of a subject which has, and I hope always will have, for us a great charm. The next excursion we take together we will take it along, by way of helping to pass the time between the 'bites.' I mean to beat you all, next spring — so look out!  See the smallest I mean to catch!' Then follows a picture of the successful fisherman, staggering under the weight of a regular 'sockdolager.' Writing from Philadelphia in 1832, where he was then engaged in painting some of his best pictures, he says: 'I have completed my whole-length portrait of Col. V——, and must come on with him to see him 'hanged.' He is already 'drawn,' and I suppose the critics in the fine arts will show him small 'quarters.' It is pronounced a screeching likeness.' Poor INMAN! 'He should have died hereafter.' - - - Boys are great wags, and some of them very wicked ones, too. We 'laughed consumedly' over an anecdote which has just been related to us, in which the latter class of 'boy-wags' played a conspicuous part. Down in Frankfort-street, hard by to William, lives a Dutch pork-seller and sausage-maker. Some rude boys in his vicinity had annoyed him with taunting inquiries as to the *matériel* of which his 'links' were composed, and he had 'trounced' one or two of them rather roughly for their impertinence. The 'whirligig of time,' however, soon 'brought about their revenges.' They went down, one morning, into 'the Swamp' and collected a long string of the huge rats that infest the stores of that sunken neighborhood; and while two or three boys, by dint of joke and taunt, seduced the butcher to pursue them down the street, another entered his shop and hung up the string of rats on a nail in his show-window, between the tempting festoons of his savory sausages! By-and-by, people began to stop before his shop, and stare into his window; then roar out laughing, and pass on. Presently a large crowd collected, and the butcher came out to ascertain what it was that attracted their curiosity. 'Is *that* the kind of stuff you make sausages of?' asked one, pointing to the string of rats: 'Got any rat-steaks?' inquired another: 'Send me over a rat-spare-rib!' added a third, until the man, livid with rage, shut his door upon the crowd, removed the 'incumbrance' from his window, and 'sat him down and wept,' like a big Dutch baby as he was. - - - The

REV. SYDNEY DYER, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has written a good many clever songs which have been set to music. He understands the art, for it is an art, of which terseness and simplicity are important features. The following, '*My Father is Here*,' is from his pen:

'In the hush of the evening alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone,
And its lips in soft murmurings smiled.
She listens to catch every sigh,
And joy takes the place of a tear;
For it talks of the angels on high,
And whispers, my Father is here,
My Father is here!

'And her heart grew so calm and serene,
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,
Where so often the loved one was seen,
For she knew that his spirit was there:
Then she pressed the soft lips of her child,
And felt that an angel was near,
For it woke to her pressure and smiled,
And whispered, my Father is here,
My Father is here!'

SAUNTERING 'with pleased delay,' the other morning, (having just left the National Academy,) through the renovated and beautiful establishment of MESSRS. EVANS AND DICKERSON, publishers, importers, and book-sellers, one door below Fourth-street, in Broadway, west side, we came across an 'antique,' which at once arrested attention. It was a small volume, upon dingy yellowish paper, and the oldest of old-fashioned types. It was 'imprinted at London, for J. MARSHALL, in Grace-Church-street, in 1753, and is intitled,' '*The New Help to Discourse, or Wit and Mirth Intermixed with more Serious Matters*;' including 'pleasaut, philosophical, physical, historical, moral, and political questions and answers: with proverbs, epitaphs, epigrams, riddles, posies, rules for behaviour,' etc.: 'the ninth edition, with many new additions.' In a long 'discourse' touching the history of paper, Mr. WILLIAM GENT, the author, informs us, that our paper, 'made of ragges, succeeded to the Ægyptian *papyrus*: the author of the modern invention our progenitors have not committed to memory; the more is the pity, that he who found out the use of paper, should not have his memory preserved by paper.' Information, 'in this style,' as cheap artists say, in shop-windows, is conveyed upon all sorts of subjects. For example:

'Q. *Wherein consists the Praise of a Country-Life?*

'A. The Countryman is thrice Happy in this, that he plays not with his Wings in the Golden Flames of the Court, nor setteth his Foot in the busy Throng of the City, nor runneth up and down in the intricate Mazes of the Law; but resting contented in the Winter to sit by a Country-Fire, and in the Summer lay his head on the green Pillowes of the Earth, where his Sleep is soft Slumbers, and his Waking pleasaut as Golden Dreams. His highest Ambition is to get up unto the Mountains, where he thinks himself a petty King: the greatest Trees bow to do him Reverence: the Willows that bend at every Blast he may count his Flatterers, and the Valleys humbled at his Feet, his Slaves. No Prince Keeps more skillful musicians: the Birds are his Consorts, and their Instruments yield ten thousand several Tunes.

'Q. *Why should a Man chuse a little Wife?*

'A. Because too much of one thing is good for nothing.

'Q. *What answer was given to him that dissuaded one from Marrying a Wife, because she was no wiser?*

'A. 'I desire,' said he, 'my Wife should have no more Wit, than to be able to distinguish my Bed from another Man's.'

'Q. What Reply was made to him that said he did not use to give the Walk to every Coxcomb ?

'A. 'But I do, Sir!' and so gave him the Walk.'

JOHN RANDOLPH has always been credited with this rejoinder, but our 'GENT' of 1753 is 'ahead of him.' The Epigrams are introduced to the reader with this distich:

'Thou that read'st these, if thou commend'st them all,
Thou'st too much milk—if none, thou'st too much gall.'

The first proposition is quite true, for some of the examples are indifferent enough. The three that ensue are the best:

'THE Lyar and the Thief have one Vocation;
Their difference is but only in their fashion:
They both deceive, but diversely proceed:
The first deceives by Word, the last by Deed.'

'WE to ourselves most partial judges be,
And faults in others, not ourselves, can see:
Our Enemies, we fain would have 'em Haltered;
But when we judge ourselves, the case is Altered.'

'THE World's an Inn, and I her Guest:
I eat and drink, and take my rest;
My Hostess NATURE doth deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where, having staid awhile, I pay
Her lavish Bills, and go my Way.'

They could scarcely have been much more refined and polite, a hundred years ago in London, than are our metropolitan citizens of the present day, at least, if we may judge from a few of the '*Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour*' here set down. As for instance:

'SPR not on your Fingers, nor pull them as if you would make them longer.

'It is a Point of Cleanliness to wash one's Face and Hands in a Morning, when also comb the Head!

'Gaze not on the Marks or Blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.

'Tis not handsome to spit the stones of any fruit upon a Dish, but take them from your Mouth with your Hand.'

Thus much for Mr. W. W. GENT's 'New Help to Discourse.' And *apropos* of rare old books, we would commend to book-readers and book-buyers a call upon Messrs. EVANS AND DICKERSON. They have monthly importations from London and other cities of all that is rare and valuable in English standard literature, together with those choice morsels, 'quaint and curious volumes of almost forgotten lore,' for which LAMB-like epicures have so keen a relish; while all new American works may be found upon their shelves and tables. They have also published a series of very instructive and entertaining books for children, profusely and beautifully illustrated. Four of these, '*Pleasure and Profit*,' and '*How to Behave*,' by Mrs. MANNERS, '*The Pet Bird, and Other Stories*,' by 'Cousin ALICE,' and an illustrated '*Book of Songs for Children*,' have been read and re-read by our own little ones, with pleasure and profit. The same publishers issue monthly a well-edited and liberally-illustrated juvenile magazine for children, called '*The School-fellow*,'

which, like GRACE GREENWOOD'S admirable '*Little Pilgrim*,' has acquired deserved popularity. - - - THE '*Bovine Melodies*' are touching. They must have been written after a surfeit of veal-cutlets:

'SAD bleating fills the ambient air;
Young calves are dying every where;
The household board is *over*-spread
With 'joints' of those already dead:
'Bla-a!'

'The cows in slow procession pass,
Funereal to the last degree,
Chanting, with swallowed 'cud,' a mass
Sacred to butchered infancy:
'Bla-a!'

'Each mother's son and daughter dead;
Each mother quits her strawy bed
To gore with horns the bloody *vealain*,
That's killed her calf, devoid of feelin':
'Bla-a!'

'Calf, too, doth form perennial diet,
As all can vouch who're doomed to try it;
For when you trust 'tis gone — 'all but,
'T will reappear as 'chick,' or 'mut.:'
'Bla-a!'

'Our books and boots are bound in calf;
Yes, bovine is the world one half;
Sick-abad now by veal undone,
Quadruped soon we must become:
'Bla-a!'

'If I was born for 'veal or woe,'
Which all the marriage contracts show,
Give me, for one, the joyful 'woe,'
And let the 'veal' to 'pot-pie' go!
'Bla-a!'

THE '*National Academy of Design*' was open but for a brief space this season, owing to the sale of the property upon which the building stands; and as it will close before the present number can come before our town-readers, it would be useless to call attention to the exhibition. We cannot forbear the expression, however, of our admiration of certain of the pictures in the gallery. DURAND never painted so well before. His picture of a passing storm, over a charmingly diversified landscape, is the very perfection of nature. KENSETT, who copies nature like a daguerreotype, had one fine picture, and no more. GIGNOUX'S '*On the Hudson*' was greatly admired. HUNTINGTON exhibited a large picture of the '*Good Samaritan*,' which had no great originality as a composition, but the coloring was very fine and harmonious. Among the portrait-painters, BAKER, HICKS, and ELLIOTT, were the most conspicuous. HICKS' large picture of a Quaker, standing by a public school-house, with numerous subdued accessories in the back-ground and middle distance, won for him much commendation, but we should have preferred his portrait of '*Bishop WAINWRIGHT*,' had he not made him *quite* so stern. '*The Gypsy*,' by the same artist, is a pleasing, harmoniously-colored, well-conceived picture. On the whole, however, we saw nothing of Mr. HICKS' this year to equal his female Quaker-head in the exhibition last year. BAKER had specimens of his faithful likenesses and charming coloring, and GRAY'S portraits had many admirers. But ELLIOTT, as usual, seemed to 'bear the palm.' His portraits of BRYANT, Mayor KINGSLAND, and others, were almost universally extolled, by the press and the public. The '*Herald*' remarked: 'In our opinion, ELLIOTT leads the portrait-painters; and although he has many imitators, none of them approximate him in the delineation of *expression* — that mysterious charm which leads one to sit half an hour before a portrait, and ever and anon be carried away by the idea that it is really the man, and not the 'counterfeit presentment,' which entrances you.' And the '*Courier*:' Grace, ease, freedom, and facility of execution ELLIOTT possesses in as high a degree as any artist among us, perhaps in as eminent a degree as any that ever lived. His heads are put upon the canvas with the

accuracy and confidence of a reflection in a mirror. There is not the least appearance of effort in any thing he does, nor any indication of his falling a hair's-breadth short of the effect he aims at.' The '*Albion*,' which is conservative in its opinions, and in general somewhat chary of its praise, says of this eminent American artist: 'In his happiest efforts, ELLIOTT has no rival in this country, and few living rivals any where.' This is high praise, but it is *just* praise, as all visitors to the Academy can testify. CHURCH has one of his glorious sun-set scenes, in which his pencil stands unrivalled. Among the other landscape-painters, Mr. WILLIAM HART is conspicuous. 'His pictures,' says Mr. WHITLEY, of the '*Hoboken Gazette*,' a capable and appreciative critic, 'reflect great credit on his endeavors to delineate the charming features of Nature in her most harmonious and soothing mood. His picture, '*Peace and Plenty*,' is an undeniable evidence of the possession of genius and judgment; and what is rather uncommon among painters now-a-days, partakes but very little of the manner of any other master. He seems to view Nature and her operations with a peculiar vision, and that singularity of perception is so adroit that it enables him to give a transparency and undulation of atmosphere far more perfect than we are accustomed to see on canvas. He has a grace and boldness in the disposition of his tints and handling which sweetly deceive the sense, and we are inclined to admire him the more as he departs farther and farther from the finikin style of more laborious but less ruminating artists. Mr. HART has several other pictures on the walls of the Academy, which ought to procure commissions from 'the oldest and best families' on the American continent.' - - - Mr. 'W. HOPKINS,' who writes for the '*Dayton (Ohio) Journal*,' is close upon the heels of Mr. K. N. PEPPER. He is very patriotic, his theme being '*America*.' The 'Great Republic' is very much obliged to him. We annex a 'sample' of his wares, not a 'specimen':

'AMERICA! land of the noble free!
High-flown words are spoke of thee:
Of thy Union, and its ties,
For songs of Freedom rend the skies.

'From east to west, from north to south,
You will hear the words in every mouth,
That freedom reigns in singular strains,
And God this liberty maintains.

'Her fame hath spread both far and near
And nations greet the coming year,
When their monarchs shall be o'erthrown
And despotism utter his last dying groan.

'Oh! then shall come that happy time,
When freedom will extend to every clime,
And give the nations all to know,
That it is not a mere vain and empty show,
But something sacred and all-sublime
In such a character as we define:
No nation can so proudly boast
As America, of the literature which line her coast:
She lifts her towering head toward the skies,
And bids degraded Europe to arise
And seek an asylum from torment given,
In a land where King and Queen doth hold no realm.'

'Thank'ee,' Mr. HOPKINS: for, as a small part of the 'literature that line

our coast,' we consider the KNICKERBOCKER poetically complimented, and are duly grateful accordingly. - - - MESSRS. H. LONG AND BROTHER have removed their establishment to the new and splendid white marble store in Nassau-street, near Beekman, where their facilities for the transaction of their large and increasing business are very greatly extended. These gentlemen, by a course of honorable enterprise and liberality, have built up for themselves a book-trade which promises to give them 'as much as they can do, and more too,' although their 'premises' were even more capacious than they are. - - - 'OUR worthy Governor, HORATIO SEYMOUR,' writes a metropolitan friend, recently from our State capital, 'having vetoed, as every body knows, the so-called *'Maine Liquor-Law,'* has since received many letters from the friends as well as the opponents of that measure. Among others, 'A strong Advocate of Temperance, but no Maine-Law Man,' wrote him to the following effect: 'I have read your message vetoing the 'Maine Law' bill with great gratification. I am a temperance man, and I hope I am a moral man. I also claim to have some knowledge of fundamental law; and in my opinion your views are fully sustained by law and good morals. I have been a diligent reader of the Old Testament, as well as the New; and in the former I find that the use of wine was countenanced by the wise and good of the olden time. Even Lot, the only 'just man' in Sodom, carried his prejudice in favor of a 'social glass of wine' so far, that he became intoxicated. (See GENESIS, chapter nineteenth.) And in the New Testament we are told that our SAVIOUR and HIS disciples made generous use (without abuse) of the 'wine benign;' and on one memorable occasion, by a miracle, He even *made* wine from water, for a wedding-party. Now, as I have said, I have been a diligent student of the Scriptures; I have read the BIBLE from Genesis to Revelations; and I can find no mention of but *one* man's calling for water; and he was in h—ll, where he *ought* to be!' So far our correspondent. The ingenious '*argument*' cited will remind the reader of the sermon against the style of a certain ancient head-dress called 'top-knots,' which was preached from the text, '*Top-knot, come down!*' It was the last part of the sentence: 'And let him that is on the house-*'Top-knot, come down!*' - - - WE could wish there were more '*Humbugs*' in the world than there are; that is, if either BARNUM is one, or GENIN another. Look at what the former has done with the 'Crystal Palace,' and the latter with Broadway! Such men are public benefactors, and deserve the full confidence of the public. GENIN is our next candidate for Mayor of the city! He shall have our 'unanimous' vote! - - - MR. SAMUEL HUESTON, Number Three Hundred and Forty-eight Broadway, (KNICKERBOCKER office,) will shortly publish '*PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE,*' with beautiful illustrations from original designs. This book gives a graphic and very amusing description of society in a village of the West, in the early settlement of that country. Several chapters of the book have already appeared in this Magazine; and those who have read '*The Bee-Hunt,*' '*A Court-Scene at Puddleford,*' etc., will be likely to send for the entire work. It is by an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. H. H. RILEY, of Michigan. His descriptions are real *daguerreotypes*, 'taken upon the spot.' - - - WE have received a daguer-

reotype of 'Bishop STEVENSON,' of Pittsburgh, not as he appears when disposing of his 'esansis' on secular occasions, but in his robes, as he exposes himself when preaching on the 'criminality of crime,' and other deep themes. The portrait entirely comes up to our expectations. What loftiness of features! — what refinement of manner! The lifted brow, the 'white choke,' the compressed lips; it *must* be the 'Bishop' himself! It 'seems as if we never know'd a man as know'd as much as what he *seems* to know;' and yet we have never *heard* him. 'Sech is 'Genus!' - - - The following 'explains itself.' Its records are simple, but they are true. They are from the *'Porkville Trumpet of Freedom':*

'MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE. — An exciting incident occurred in this village on Thursday last. Mr. PIPKIN's little apprentice-boy, JOSEPH ROBBINS, had ascended a ladder, and was in the act of painting a sign which had been placed under the eaves of Mr. BLACKLOCK's new and splendid store. He was just in the act of correcting the letters 'T R,' when an avalanche from the roof (as the snow had fallen to a great depth) suddenly fell as he held the brush in his hand, casting him down with the bucket, and killing him on the spot. Mr. 'G. W. P.,' our village poet, has written the following exquisite verses, to commemorate the event:—

“ON THE DANGERS OF EARLY RISING

- “A LAD stood on a ladder tall,
A-painting of a sign,
A new short sign; and Lang Syne Auld
He whistled; the sun did shine.
- “And tune or sun moved snow on roof,
Unused to melting mood;
It slid and peeped o'er eaves above,
Leaves-dropping where he stood.
- “He, gazing down on Miss beneath,
Dreamed not mischance was near
But held his bucket in his hand,
And brushed away a T R.
- “He was a painter's prentice-boy;
I need not print his name;
He came of high descent indeed,
But now 't is all the same.
- “For ah! the snow! too soon it fell,
As if with fell design;
He kicked the bucket, down he dropped,
He died and made no sign!”

MR. SCHOSS, Number Three Hundred and Three, Broadway, has just published a large and very timely engraving, namely: *Portraits of the Queen of England, the Kings of Austria and Prussia, and the Emperors Nicholas of Russia and Napoleon II. of France*, all on one sheet. The likenesses are well authenticated, and the engraving is of the best order of lithograph. They are 'at it' now, and it was high time, for 'talk' had been exhausted. As old SHIRLEY says:

— ‘THESE businesses of fighting
Should be despatched as doctors do prescribe
Physical pills, not to be chewed, but swallowed:
Time spent in the considering dulls the appetite.’

The 'public' on 'our side' will be glad to look upon the 'heads' of the great actors in this awful world-drama. - - - 'We perceive that our old friend, W. F. BURGESS, who has been engaged in the publishing and general book and stationary business for the last fifteen years, has formed a co-partnership

with Mr. F. W. DAY, and the business will be conducted hereafter under the name of BURGESS AND DAY, at Number One Hundred Nassau-street. A number of new works are announced as in course of publication; and the reputation of both members of the firm, as energetic and enterprising business men, is such as to assure their friends and the public that they will prosecute their business with vigor and success.' 'And so say all of us,' who know the new firm as well as our contemporary, from whom we quote the foregoing. - - - How very characteristic of SYDNEY SMITH, is the following passage from MOORE's diary, describing a breakfast with the witty clergyman, and other eminent persons, at SAMUEL ROGERS': 'In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, he pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking: 'Sir, your observation has caught fire.' Then he imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the water-works being an atheist. Said of some one, 'He has no command over his understanding: it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up.' Called with him at NEWTON's, to see my picture; said, in his gravest manner, to NEWTON, 'Could n't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the church-establishment?'" - - - PEOPLE who 'love their country' and their country's products, should step into the extensive establishment of Mr. FREDERICK S. COZZENS, Number Eighty-five Chambers-street, and taste the different varieties of LONGWORTH's *Ohio Wines*. We may be partial, but in our 'umble' opinion, the 'Sparkling' and 'Still' Catawba juices are not excelled by any foreign wines of a kindred description. - - - Is not the following passage, taken from a friendly letter, too felicitous to sleep in a pigeon-hole of a private secretary? We think so: 'Is it not beautiful, this pristine freshness of the heart! Valuable for its rareness, if for nothing else. It is unnecessary for me to say, 'Let us *strive* to keep it thus,' when thus it will remain, without the aid of effort or of will. NATURE does not exert herself to cause the flowers to bloom in beauty on her grateful breast; they spring to greet the sun, and all the liberal airs of heaven, because they *must*; and thus will they remain, blest and blessing, until comes the blight of death, and at its coming only do they perish.' - - - WE have omitted to mention until now, the presentation of a massive silver pitcher to Mr. GURNEY, Broadway, for the '*Four best Daguerreotypes*,' for which a prize of five hundred dollars had been offered by Mr. E. ANTHONY, the principal manufacturer in the United States, of Daguerrian instruments. Professors MORSE, RENWICK, and DRAPER were the judges. This is a high honor, and worthily bestowed. - - - WE have no recollection whatever of receiving any communication entitled '*The Back-Biter*.' We have raked and scraped our memory until it is sore, but must say, with MACBETH, 'There's no such thing.' Our correspondent, we cannot but think, *must* be mistaken, or the article has miscarried. - - - THE following '*Tribute to the Memory of Ogden Hammersley*,' a young man of great promise, who died suddenly while travelling in South America, is from the fertile pen of Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. The lines were written after hearing the lecture on 'American Poetry,' re-

cently delivered by the father of the deceased, Hon. WILLIAM JAMES HAMMERSLEY, of Hartford, Conn. The son himself had a deeply-poetical mind, and a little while before his death wrote two short effusions, especially for the KNICKERBOCKER. One of these appears in the present number. We take the lines from the '*Waverley Magazine*.'

'While lips of eloquence portray
With classic force their chosen theme,
Steals not some lingering thought away
To far La Plata's sounding stream?

'To one, who 'mid that sunny clime
In life's fair flush laid down to die;
Yet his young bosom hid sublime
The elements of poesy.

'The warm enthusiastic zeal,
The upward impulse nobly kept,
The heart to prompt, the nerve to feel,
The hand the tuneful lyre that swept.

'Gleamed not that image o'er the eye
On which a listening audience gazed?
Breathed not for him the father's sigh,
Even when our country's bards he praised

'With ardent tone? It may be so —
Though nought disturbed the speaker's grace,
For deeper tears the heart doth know
Than those that overflow the face.

'Alas! along this pilgrim way
Where budding hopes at morn were spread,
How frequent, ere the closing day,
Our thorn-choked flowers lie pale and dead!

'Yet tenderly their faded bloom
Instructs us from the hallowed sod;
And the low whisper of the tomb
Allures us gently near to God.'

THE February issue of '*The Pioneer*' monthly magazine of San Francisco, edited by F. C. EWER, Esq., has been received, and fully sustains the promise of its first number. Its original prose articles are various and interesting, while its poetry is selected with good taste. They have little time, as yet, in California to 'court the coy Muse.' Our friend 'Colonel PIPES,' we perceive, continues his amusing 'Friendly Chit-chat,' in which we find the following anecdote of 'Big BOCHSA,' the harpist:

'I WANT to jot down a rather characteristic anecdote of BOCHSA, from which it would seem that there is another 'BOURBON in the field.' It seems that an Alabama paper lately affirmed that BOCHSA (who has quite the BOURBON features) was son of EGALITE, Duke of Orleans, and consequently half-brother to the late LOUIS PHILIPPE. Our witty musician being asked if the report was true, (for he seldom loses the opportunity of a joke,) answered seriously:

'Now, Sir, I will tell you, (drawing himself up to his full height and breadth,) I am King of ze harp, and recog-nished the legitimate heirs to King DAVID! My government is based on harmony and concord; my policy is to keep my instrument well in tune, and please indiscriminately Vigs, and — vot you call 'em, eh? — Dem-o-cats — eh? My ministers at home and abroad (the music-sellers and hotel-keepers) spread far and wide my name and fame; my relations with foreign powers are most friendly; and when I recently visited the crowned heads of Europe, they paid not only great attention to my so-los, but even METTERNICH, WELLINGTON, and Alderman MESSEROLE applauded my *fantases*, and bowed to my *caprices*! My proclamations are only good, showy concert-bills; my *coups d'état* aim solely at getting from Italy the best cat-gut string. I am at

war with no body. The *bands* I conduct (with no other weapon in my hand than a small baton) do no harm; and if they commit murder, it is only on ze musical works they are attacking. So you see I am a happy monarch, and should be a block-head — wot you call, eh? — to wish to change my situation.'

'How brightly the moon shines through my window as I write! — and the night is as mild, the atmosphere as balmy and delightful as in June. Oh! a glorious climate, truly, is this same California! Already the Spring seems to be upon us, and the trees are putting forth their leaves; and the short grass peeps up to view the light. Wild flowers, too, are opening their petals to the sun, and the young birds chirp among the branches.'

They beat us in weather in California. What a contrast must their March have been to ours, if such was their February! - - - For some twelve years, more or less, we have submitted to the tonsorial and 'shave-atory' operations of Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, barber and hair-dresser in Ann-street; and a lighter hand never left a 'chin new-reaped.' He has recently removed to Number Twelve, in the same street, which he has fitted up with all the modern fixtures and 'fixings,' and is justly proud of his new and improved premises. He is assiduous to please, and has ready and capable assistants, who worthily emulate their superior. - - - A FRIEND sends us the following authentic account of '*A Night with the Spirits.*' If you peruse it in the right 'spirit,' reader, it will make you 'sick.' It beats 'table-moving' all to nothing:

'WELL do I remember that night! — and I think I am not likely soon to forget the singular sensations it left on my mind. It seems but yesterday that my friend 'Gus.' came into the office, his face beaming with the intelligence that a few friends from Charleston were to dine with him that day at DELMONICO's; 'and, my dear boy,' said he, 'you must come. You *must* be one of us, for this night.'

'I was very much attached to 'Gus.,' as who that knows him is not? — but I experienced a pleasing dread, (if there be such a feeling,) at the idea of 'a night' with some of our Southern bloods; but I had promised, and I was obliged to go; and there I joined a few of the finest fellows it has ever been my fortune to meet. We had a glorious dinner, and began to feel cheery with the merry 'news from Cork' of the champagne-bottles and their contents, when a visit to the theatre was proposed and unanimously carried. I should have said 'theatres,' for I believe we were in nearly every place of amusement in the city that night; and, in order to see the sights more clearly, we had (not between the acts) between the theatres another bottle or two of HEIDSICK, to vary the amusement. At last we became tired, and landed at FLORENCE's, where, having dispatched an excellent supper, and a few more bottles, we considered ourselves in capital order for any thing, and as sober as judges.

'I cannot tell you all the places we visited that night, or how many bottles we finished. It is probably better to bury this in oblivion; but I have a faint recollection of parting with my friends, and going home. I have no idea of how I got there, but my memory begins to dawn again. I rang the bell: no answer. I tried the shutters: no answer. I now began to feel a little angry, and I gave the bell a violent pull. I heard the window opening, and some one sang out:

'What the d——! do you want here?'

'I told the man to come down, and I would show him; but before he came down, I saw the curly head of our MARY looking over the railing in the next house. I said something about 'the wrong house,' and 'a mistake,' and was not long in getting up stairs into my own room.

'I managed to get off my coat, and sat down to get off my boots. I made several attempts, but all unsuccessful: at last, I made up my mind to get into bed as I was. My head grew dizzy; and, on looking up, I saw the bed distinctly moving toward me! I waited until it should come round, determined to get into it; but no; there it was, still coming; and what struck me as very extraordinary was, that it continued going

round, and although I placed myself exactly opposite to it several times, it came no nearer.

'I could stand it no longer. I made a run, and tumbled right into bed. For a moment, all was still; but I had scarcely laid my head on the pillow, when it commenced going very slowly around! I now felt sure that some infamous scoundrel had got underneath. I lay, planning how I should fix him; but, in the midst of my resolutions, the bed began to go very fast, and at last to fly around! A kind of fear crept over me, and I heard a loud crash!

'This is my last remembrance of that night. When I awoke in the morning, I felt a shivering coldness all over me, with a burning thirst, and a curious feeling of dread. I was lying on the floor, my head close up against the door. I got up: the bed looked as if I had been on it; but how or by what means I came on the floor, is one of those singular 'phenomena of the spirits,' only known to the initiated, and, I sincerely trust, will never be known to you, my reader.

A. E.

What would our friend not have given for the 'Maine Law,' on that memorable morning? - - - 'Love among the Chickens' is felicitously set forth in '*The Poultry-maniac to his Mistress*,' from the pen of a favorite correspondent 'i' the north:'

'A MERRY-THOUGHT I have: O thou decided
Joy of my heart! let you and me divide it,

'Ere it be snapped and picked by some arch prowler,
Philo-perist, fowl-fancier, or fancy-fowler.

'Tis this: since all that's dear has found a standard
In costly fowl, dearest, *some* think, when branded,

'Bright-feathered epithets shall you and I, love,
Pick from their moults, and on each other try, love.

'Winged words — called by the ancient Greek who meant a
Flight telegraphic — *ἑρπια πτερόεντα*.

'Wend we our way, then, darling of air *distingué*;
My BANTAM thou — I thy protecting SHANGHAI.

'Nor, though some diamond-duchess sparkle finer,
For her will I forsake my COCHIN-CHINA.

'Waking or sleeping, dreaming, or walking, or talking,
Laughing or weeping — let me be thy DORKING.

'And mine the task, from glance of ogle-shooter
Jealous thine eye to guard, my BRAMAH-POOTER!

'Thus chant I clear thy praise; my pulses quicken;
Soon shall all mine be thine, my GUINEA-CHICKEN!

'And should thy parents, love, bring costly present,
What's thine be mine, mine all, my GOLDEN PHEASANT!

'Kiss me, thou peerless! matchless in face and form;
Fair as a new-laid egg, and oh! as warm.'

The following sly but hard 'hit' at ambitious young artists is from the '*Hoboken Gazette*,' (which deserves, and we are glad to hear is achieving success,) edited by Mr. T. W. WHITLEY, himself an artist, and well-known as the art-critic of the '*Home Journal*':

'SINCE the death of the illustrious statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, the picture-shops of the city of New-York have been inundated with his portraits. A noticeable instance of this puerile ambition is now in a picture-store in Broadway. Mr. WEBSTER was famous for the majestic look of his countenance. We apprehend that the beams of that divinity which is said to hedge a king, dazzle the optics too forcibly of every artist

who attempts to paint them. The figure of Mr. WEBSTER appears unamiable, presuming, and repulsive. Yet all this may be the effect of tremor. The calm dignity which should appertain to such a personage, is not discoverable. It gives the idea of a conceited philosopher, looking savage to avoid looking silly, presenting himself for admiration under the consciousness of being unusually impressive, and not as the representation of the embodiment of Senatorial dignity. As Mr. WEBSTER was not noticeable for effrontery or vanity, the portrait is by no means adequate to our idea of the Senator from Massachusetts.

The '*Robin Red-breast Papers*' are very lively and clever. Here is a pun from the same columns, which will bear transplanting:

'T is not often that a joke is cracked on the head of an artist; but it so happened a few days since, that a distinguished literary gentleman and military officer on a visit to Mr. RANNEY, the historical painter, had the temerity to indulge in one. On arriving at the lodge of Mr. RANNEY, which is penned in by a neat fence, he found the artist lustily employed with his maul-stick in walloping some cows out of his inclosure. 'So ho! Mr. RANNEY,' said one of the party, 'I expected to have found you employed on the Siege of Yorktown; but I see you stick to the 'battle of the cow-pens.' Mr. RANNEY has given the world some fine historical pictures on the Revolution.'

WE regret to hear of the recent death, at Buffalo, of Captain FREDERICK S. WHEELER, formerly of the lake steamer the '*Saint Louis*,' on board of which splendid vessel we first had the pleasure to meet him. He was a man of the noblest personal qualities, and by all who knew him, was beloved. 'For the past six months,' writes a friend, 'he has been settling his worldly affairs, and preparing for his departure. It was a lesson to us all, the calm manner in which he awaited 'final orders.' His manifest was full, and no smuggling had been attempted; all he waited for was the signature of the Collector to his clearance, and, with the GREAT PILOT in whom he implicitly trusted, he had no fears of a prosperous voyage, and a cheering welcome into the destined haven. No murmur ever escaped him, no yearning to return to the struggles and joys of life: satisfied with the prospect before him, at peace with all mankind, surrounded by his nearest relatives and friends, he gently dropped *asleep*.' - - - THERE is, to our conception, a great deal of 'the father,' in this brief but touching passage from a letter of the late Rev. Dr. JUDSON, describing his approach, on his last voyage, to the scene of his missionary labors and sufferings: 'The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Maulmain mountains loom in the distant horizon; the Kyaik-a-mee pagoda indicates the promontory of Amherst; and now, on the green bank beyond, I discern, with a telescope, the small inclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear ANN and her daughter MARIA. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide; for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Maulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena.' - - - It was pleasant to see the *esprit de corps* among the book-sellers at PUTNAM's great Trade-Sale. Liberality, enterprise, and high-minded dealing were recognized and honored as they deserved to be. Mr. PUTNAM, whose course has been thus marked, continues to issue many of his most popular editions, and at the same time has more leisure to devote to the interests of his excellent and popular Magazine. - - - OUR '*Little People's Side-Table*' is crowded with dishes; but we must 'pretermit the juveniles' for the present. - - - OUR friend 'W. E. R.,' of San Francisco, shall hear from us, and our readers from him, in the next KNICKERBOCKER, if we are alive and well. The same of 'E. S. A.,' of Washington Territory. - - - WE have much matter remaining over.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'THE RECALLED: IN VOICES OF THE PAST,' with 'Poems of the Ideal,' is the title of a handsome volume from the press of JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. It is from the pen of Mrs. JANE ERMINA LOCKE, and although of very unequal merit, it contains single poems of rare excellence. We are sorry to notice the treatment of unoriginal themes in two or three instances. 'The Theban Maiden' was suggested by HORACE SMITH'S 'Address to a Mummy,' and 'The Scattered Household' by Mrs. HEMANS' 'Graves of a Household.' Who could hope to improve upon either of those performances? 'The Aged Inebriate' is better than a temperance-sermon; it is full of solemn and effective warning. The following, also, entitled '*Vigils*,' is vigorous and solemn verse:

'One day of all the year I keep
From the gay world apart;
While mournful 'Aves' ceaseless sweep
The chambers of my heart.

'It is not in the winter-time,
When snow hath paled the earth,
And flowers have drooped beneath the rime
That gathers to the hearth:

'It is not when the autumn drifts
The withered leaves along;
And wind on forest-harps uplifts
Its deep-toned funeral song:

'Nor is it when the burdened year,
Beneath a pall-like sky,
With anthems swelling on the ear,
Slow goeth forth to die:

But 't is amid the summer's balm,
While dew-drops crown the flowers;
And laughing morn, and sun-set calm,
To joy lead up the hours.

'Then from the festive world I keep
One day alone — apart;
And shut, as to a whisper deep,
The windows of my heart.

'While out from its hushed vesper aisles
A mournful requiem breaks;
And, as from holy rituals, whiles,
A solemn service wakes.

'Just so as on a long-gone day,
Where one in boyhood slept,
While changeless pallor o'er him lay,
And a dread chillness crept;

'A dirge swept o'er me drearily;
My heart a service said;
And deeper than the world could see,
Made mourning for its dead.

'I see, as then, the coffin set;
The pall above it thrown;
And, just as then, my cheeks are wet
With sorrow and with moan.

'For 't is the day — the very day —
The month amid the year,
When from my heart they bore away
A flower-strewn, burthened bier!

'And, as the dark hours wandered there,
The night-airs came in gloom,
Through open casements, to a bare,
A changed and silent room!

The volume is embellished with a portrait, the features of which seem to indicate past mental suffering. Mistaking the initials, many of the effusions in the volume have been widely circulated under the signature of 'L. E. L.,' Miss LONDON, afterward Mrs McLEAN, who died at Cape Coast Castle.

THE BRITISH POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO WORDSWORTH. — A truly magnificent literary enterprise has been started and rapidly carried forward by MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston, whose agents in New-York are MESSRS. EVANS AND DICKERSON, Broadway, near Fourth-street. It is nothing less than the publication, in well-printed, convenient, and handsome volumes, of the '*British Poets*,' from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, with biographies, notices, and glossaries. An engraved authentic portrait of each writer accompanies his works. The whole series is to be completed in about one hundred volumes, under the general editorship of Professor F. J. CHILD, of Harvard College. We fully endorse the commendations by a contemporary of this superb edition:

'AN edition of the British poets in volumes of a judicious size, neither too large nor too small for comfort, well-edited, well-printed on good paper, in clear, large type, and embracing every poet of note from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, is a service to literature that cannot be well estimated in words. But the volumes, like those before us, must be made for our fingers. We must take them to the fields, or enjoy them by the fire-side, or, in case of sickness, thrust them under our pillows, and not be inconvenienced by the angles. The present promises to excel every previous edition — JOHNSON'S, ANDERSON'S, CHALMERS', the Chiswick edition, all editions, in short, that were ever projected — in the wide range of its plan, in the judicious selection of its authors, in the catholic

spirit which will inform the editors, in the convenient size of the volumes, in the beauty of their typography, and in the elegance of their general appearance. Taking the Aldine edition of the London publisher, PICKERING, as their model, or rather as their starting-point, for they are determined to improve upon it, the publishers of this edition have projected a series of the classic poets of Great Britain, which is really astonishing, even in this age of enterprise. A noticeable feature of their plan is the rapidity with which they issue the volumes. Less than a year has elapsed since the commencement, and thirty-one volumes are already published. These contain the works of BUTLER, CHURCHILL, COLLINS, COWPER, DRYDEN, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, MILTON, POPE, PRIOR, THOMSON, SWIFT, and YOUNG. We are assured that all that is of interest and paramount value in English poetry, from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, will be included. The prospectus tells us that 'several volumes of fugitive and anonymous poetry will be added, beside what may be taken from the publications of RITSON, PERCY, ELLIS, BRYDGES, PARK, etc., of the Percy Society, and other printing clubs.' Particular care will be bestowed on CHAUCER, on the English and Scotch ballad-poetry. Pains will be taken to secure a correct text; and each work will be accompanied with biographical, historical, and critical notices, and with glossaries, where such assistance is needed. An edition conducted on these principles will, it is thought, deserve to be called, in all essential respects, a Complete Collection of the English Poets.'

'ANNALS OF TENNESSEE.'—MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have published, in a large volume, *'The Annals of Tennessee, to the end of the Eighteenth Century.'* The work comprises a history of its settlement as the 'Watauga Association,' from 1769 to 1777; a 'Part of North Carolina,' from 1777 to 1784; the 'State of Franklin,' from 1784 to 1788; a 'Part of North Carolina,' from 1788 to 1790; the 'Territory of the United States South of the Ohio,' from 1790 to 1796; the 'State of Tennessee,' from 1796 to 1800. The author is J. G. M. RAMSEY, A.M., M.D. His labors bear the marks of careful research, and he has arranged his abundant and interesting materials with the skill of an apparently practised hand. One scarcely knows, till he has read the details which are contained in such works as this, and Ford's 'History of Illinois,' how much of romance and stirring adventure there is in the history of our later sister-states.

SURENNE'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—THE MESSRS. APPLETON have done a good service to the public, in presenting, on fair, clear type and good paper, a new and enlarged edition of this excellent and complete work. It is in two parts: the first in French and English, and the second in English and French. The first part comprehends words in common use, terms connected with science and the fine arts, historical, geographical, and biographical names, with the pronunciation according to the French Academy, and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians: the second part contains all English words authorized by eminent writers, with the pronunciation according to the best authorities; the whole preceded by a practical and comprehensive system of French pronunciation.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—MESSRS. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, have issued in a closely-printed volume, an *Annual of Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1854.* It exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, geography, antiquities, etc., together with a list of recent scientific publications; a classified list of patents; obituaries of eminent scientific men; notes on the progress of science during the year 1853, etc. The work is edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., and he has discharged the laborious task he had in hand with great credit to himself.

'RUSSIA AS IT IS.'—The momentous events occurring at this moment on the great battle-ground of Europe will conspire to make this book a desideratum for thousands of readers. Indeed, we learn that a thousand copies of the work were sold by the Messrs. APPLETONS in one day. The author, Count A. DE GUROWSKI, writes from a 'full mind;' he describes 'that which he saw, and part of which he was;' and he is thus enabled to impart to his sketches that undoubted air of truth, which is so essential to a work in its kind. It is replete with information which makes the reader, as he goes on, well acquainted with the past, present, and future of the gigantic empire of Russia.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—We have in two well-executed volumes, from the press of MESSRS. BLANCHARD AND LEA, Philadelphia, *'Guizot's History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles the First to*

the Death of Cromwell.' The translation is by ANDREW R. SCOBLE, and is evidently faithful, in a rare degree, to the original. We have never known the eventful story of the 'Lord Protector' and his great contemporaries to be better given than in these volumes.

'SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.'—We like even the *title* of this book, recently from the press of GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, and are fully prepared to enjoy the work, when we shall find leisure for its perusal. Its themes are very fruitful; and from what we know of the writings of the author, (HUGH MILLER, author of 'The Old Red Sand-Stone,' 'Foot-Prints of the Creator,' etc.,) we infer their effective treatment. *Who* does not go back to his 'schools and schoolmasters?'

'SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN MEXICO.'—We have seen no more spirited account of the Mexican campaign, in 1846-7, than is contained in this work, from the pen of an officer of the first regiment of Ohio Volunteers. The incidents are many, and described in a style of equal force and simplicity. Spirited reports of battles form very attractive reading with a large portion of the community; wherefore we predict for this volume a wide circulation.

ADDISON'S COMPLETE WORKS.—Mr. PUTNAM continues the publication of this excellent edition, with his accustomed care and good taste in externals. Each volume is embellished with a very fine engraving, and the printing and paper are unexceptionable. The first volume is devoted to the 'Poems and Dramas,' the second and third to 'Miscellaneous Prose,' and the fourth to 'The Spectator.'

'POEMS, BY JAMES T. FIELDS.'—Such is the modest and only title of a little volume, a perfect *bijou* in its externals of print, paper, and binding, which Messrs. METCALF AND COMPANY, of Cambridge, have lately put forth. Refined sentiment; true feeling, simply expressed; ease and grace of versification; and moreover an air of *heartiness* in every thing, are the prominent characteristics of this charming little *brochure*.

R E M O V E S .

THE PUBLICATION OFFICE of this MAGAZINE will hereafter be at Number THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT, BROADWAY, over the new and splendid Bookstore of the Messrs. APPLETON. Letters for the Editor, L. GAYLORD CLARK, and for SAMUEL HUESTON, Publisher, should be addressed as above.

Several of our book-sellers and publishers remove, this spring, from their long-established quarters. STANFORD AND SWORDS, one of the oldest book-houses in the country—have removed to Six Hundred and Thirty-Seven, Broadway. FOWLERS AND WELLS remove their PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET and PUBLICATION OFFICE from Old Clinton Hall in Nassau-street, to Three Hundred and Eight, Broadway. The business of this popular house has increased so rapidly within the last three years, that they find their present quarters entirely too straight for them. They publish the 'Phrenological' and 'Water-Cure' Journals, at one dollar a year each—circulation, EIGHTY THOUSAND copies; and the 'Hydropathic Quarterly,' at two dollars a year. They have also all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Natural Sciences generally.

LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN AND LAW change their firm to SHELDON, LAMPORT AND COMPANY, and remove from Park Place to Number One Hundred and Nineteen, Nassau-street, in the new and splendid marble-front stores lately erected between Ann and Beekman-streets.

Mr. E. H. FLETCHER, known mostly as a publisher and Book-seller for the Baptist denomination, will remove to Number One Hundred and Seventeen, Nassau-street.

Mr. T. J. CROWEN has removed to the corner of Broadway and Fourth-street.